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By the men . . for the men in the service

A NURSE DIGS IN SOUTH OF ROME

Beachhead Action Stories: Italy and the Marshalls

PAGES 3 AND 10

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AT ANZIO, NAZI PRISONERS WATCH AN LST OPENING ITS BOW DOORS, AMAZED THAT A "DECADENT NATION" COULD PRODUCE IT.

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IN ITALY

By Sgt. BURGESS H. SCOTT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ANZIO-NETTUNO BEACHHEAD, SOUTH OF ROME—This little Allied colony on the shinbone of the Italian boot is rapidly becoming one of the hottest corners of this struggling earth.

It measures only about 12 miles in length along the shore and averages about seven miles' penetration inland, or about 84 square miles in area—every square foot of it vulnerable to bombs, shells, machine-gun and small-arms fire.

There is no relatively safe rear area as in most operations. One place is about as bad as another, inside or out. Men working on the ships and on the beaches are targets for artillery and bombs; men working in the front lines are exposed to shells and small arms; and those in the middle can frequently expect a mixture of all three.

But because of the superb work and cooperation of our combined arms, this area didn't see one-tenth the action during the week after D Day everyone had expected would come once the landing was made. For this, every man thanks the fighter pilots, British and American, who every daylight hour ran a fine-toothed comb through these invasion skies, and the night fighters, which turned back seven intended large-scale raids by the enemy during the week after the landings.

Another big factor in the success of the landings, and the delaying of the expected German counterattacks, was the airtight security of the planning and the surprise of the assault. Stories are still coming in illustrating how complete that surprise was.

Two new replacements in an Infantry outfit were well up on the mainland in the first assault wave when they spotted a German staff sedan containing an officer and two men coming down the road. They shot the two men and brought the officer back, and then one of the replacements asked, "Now are we regular members of this outfit?" The officer had been having himself an evening in town and said his capture was the first thing he knew about the Allied landing.

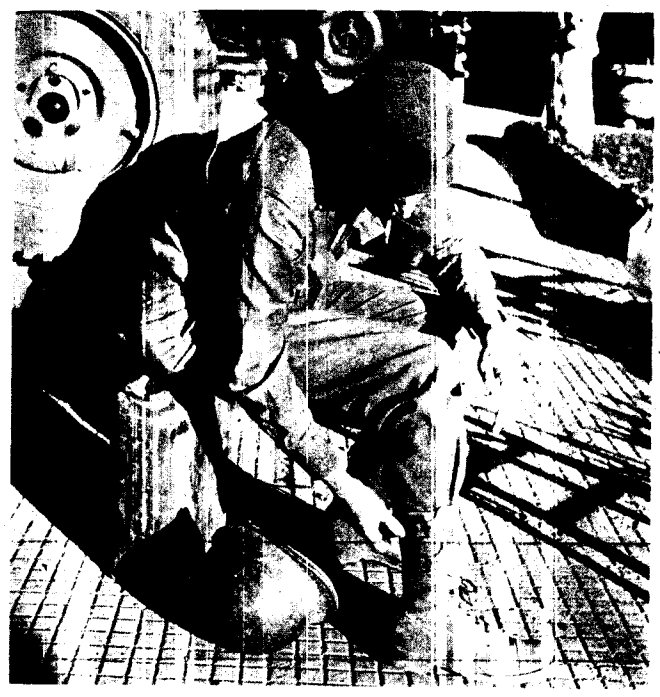
Another party of invading Yanks completely spoiled the evening of a German soldier who had come down to the beach with his girl. A third group captured about 40 Nazi soldiers in their barracks, just in from a night's pass. A unit of MPs, bivouacked in the classroom of an Italian artillery school, had D-Day breakfast of fried chicken from a German Army coop. Other GIs reported finding a large dump containing pumpernickel bread, German cheeses and lager beer.

THE invasion area is humming with activity day and night. Occasionally a few Kraut dive bombers filter through the air cover and ack-ack and lay their eggs along the beach, but damage has been slight and the work of landing supplies only temporarily interrupted. In fact, Pvt. Maxwell Remmick of Cincinnati, Ohio, member of an Army beach party, wasn't even interrupted; he stayed by his telephone even though his shoulder was dislocated by the concussion of a nearby bomb blast.

Men on the long pontons, who direct vehicles and men coming ashore, have to stick by their posts when the bombers come over because there's no place to go. At night the men who guide the traffic over the pontons use blackout flashlights and keep hoping they won't see the terrible sight of flares in the sky. On shore the MPs take over, directing the vehicles to assembly areas. From there they are routed to their designated locations.

It is almost unbelievable that the great amount of men and material now beyond the beaches

A U.S. ARMY DUCK RUNS THROUGH THE WET AND MUDDY STREETS OF ANZIO, DRIVEN BY A BRITISH SOLDIER.



PVT. DON WHITEHEAD OF HARLAN, KY., IS TRYING ON A PAIR OF THE NEW TYPE ARMY BOOTS FOR SIZE.

SITTING ON A HALF-TRACK, A YANK COMPARES HIS OWN HELMET WITH THE GERMAN BRAND.

AN INFANTRYMAN FIXES UP A WALKIE-TALKIE SET THAT HAD BROKEN DOWN IN THE FIELD.

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AMERICAN SOLDIER LOOKS OVER A GERMAN BOMBER SHOT DOWN BY TERRIFIC ANTIAIRCRAFT FIRE.

A GUARD TALKS TO A WELL FED PARATROOPER TAKEN PRISONER ALONG WITH THE OTHER GERMAN SOLDIERS.

could have been unloaded in the few days since D Day. The Quartermaster, Signal Corps, Engineers and Medics are set up and operating as if they had been here for months. Foxholes, easily dug in this soft loam, provide surprising protection from the day and night sprinkling of bombs and shells.

The hospitals were set up the day after D Day, waiting for a stream of casualties that didn't materialize. These medics, who worked in the hospitals at Salerno, said the total casualties in the first week here were negligible compared with the total in the same period of the first Italian invasion. One hospital is doing business in spite of Jerry shells flying regularly overhead. One afternoon the doctors and medics performed an appendectomy with 88s swishing just above the ridgepole of the operating tent. Four out of five shells of one salvo were duds; the men said they had been running that way for the past several days.

Every time a dogfight gets going, the GIs gather to watch the show, cheering the Allied airmen and cussing out the Krauts. During one fight a wounded Spitfire came in for a belly landing, bounced and headed straight for a building containing an Army office. The soldier on duty in the office looked up as the Spit was just outside the window and made it through a back door in time. Medics reported that the pilot would survive.

From the debris littering the beach, it's quite evident that Anzio and Nettuno were in days past the resort towns the guide books make them out to be. The Tyrrhenian Sea's mild surf tosses strips of faded canvas and broken sticks that once were bright beach chairs; on the sand are battered hulls of runabouts and sailboats; the bathing beaches are littered with Italian sun-tan lotion bottles. Houses along the beach were built for the resort trade, each having an outdoor shower to wash off the sand after swimming and, later, an air-raid shelter.

ITALIANS who came into the open after the Allied occupation greeted the invaders warmly. They said the Germans had moved the residents out of the towns a short time before and had made the area into a rest camp for units coming out of action from the Fifth Army front, 30 or 40 miles to the south. The Italians also said that the Germans, only a day or so before D Day, had moved two divisions out of the area and sent them to the north.

Before long some of the soldiers buttonholed Italian citizens who still had stores of wine and started trading cans of C rations and cigarettes for *vino*.

D-Day night found many Yanks quartered in elegant summer villas. In most cases, the departing occupants had left behind enough furniture for the civilization-starved dogfaces to set up light housekeeping. Wire-spring Italian beds were plentiful and everybody had his softest sleep in months.

After the first shower of bombs and shells, each man figured his place was the most dangerous in town, so everybody got busy and changed villas. Some faucets ran, others didn't. Any water coaxed out had to be boiled or treated with tablets before it could be drunk. Toilets were a problem until somebody thought of bringing up cans of salt water for hand flushing.

During the first days of an invasion, every man is his own cook. Up at the front, down on the beaches or in the middle, each man fixes his own meal of C rations, K rations, or—if he's lucky—five-in-ones. If he's up at the front and gets a chance to eat, the meal is usually taken cold out of the can. But when he has the time, he cooks it over a gasoline burner, a gasoline and dirt fire or plain wood coals, adding any local delicacies he can forage. One man was roasting a large, fat Italian rabbit he'd shot, garnishing it with meat and vegetable stew.

Biggest game being hunted, however, is the Kraut, found along the boundary of this little colony. One outfit strung out along this flat and fertile farmland has set up a competition in Kraut killing, with a league whose membership is restricted to GIs who can prove they have killed five Krauts.

In fact, a colonel in that outfit is so obsessed with the idea of killing Krauts that he no longer opens a field-phone conversation with his name and rank. When he picks up the receiver, his salutation is: "How many Krauts have you killed today?"

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T Sgt. Elbert Graves got to the brush first, remembered his courtesy and gave it to Myrtle Carpenter.

Some of the first Army nurses to arrive in the Allied beachhead south of Rome take a ride in a jeep, wearing woolen OD shirts and pants.

Maxine Lykins gives a fellow nurse, Katherine Baltzer, a needed shampoo.

NURSES UNDER FIRE IN ITALY

A group of nurses taking time out for chow at Anzio. They and the girls who came with them won quick GI admiration for working under enemy fire.

ANZIO-NETTUNO BEACHHEAD, SOUTH OF ROME— After a rough trip, during which their convoy was attacked 14 times by German dive bombers in 36 hours, an advance contingent of 22 American nurses have arrived at this invasion front.

Seasick and bomb-weary, the first American girls to land here stepped off a bomb-grazed British LST five days after D Day and headed straight for the area containing the hospital to which they were assigned.

The trip to this beachhead was short but easily the most eventful of their lives. It started with a heavy storm the first night out. Their craft then was an LCI which tossed so much that the 22 nurses had to be hauled by ropes onto the larger LST that landed here. Thirty other nurses were so seasick they couldn't be moved and had to remain on the bouncing LCI.

Then in the next 36 hours came the enemy bombing attacks. The girls declared that no ships in the convoy were damaged, and they saw one German plane shot down and watched the pilot bail out.

2d Lt. Marguerite Martin of Sioux City, Iowa, said on landing: "That trip was so rough and I was so sick I wanted to die. Air raids are nothing compared with seasickness."

Landing with Lt. Martin were Lts. Katherine Baltzer of Monroe, Wis.; Jean Richey of Anadarko, Okla.; Mary Henehan of Kansas City, Mo.; Avis Dagit of Williams, Iowa; Frances Hewling of Jenks, Okla.; Ann Graves of Columbia, Mo.; Lena Grussing of Clara City, Minn.; Martha Tate of Arlington, Tex.; Loretta Bass of Casper, Wyo.; Helen Pfeiffer of Dallas, Tex.; Sybil Mosely of Cleburne, Tex.; Maxine Lykins of Albany, Mo.; Martha Shaw of Evanston, Wyo.; Mary L. Zurney of Muskogee, Okla.; Ada Beidelman of Crowell, Tex.; Myrtle Carpenter of Baker, La.; Hattie Fried of Spring Grove, Pa.; Eugenia Allmand of Brookhaven, Miss.; Victoria Skroh of Ennis, Tex.; Lucille Bertrand of Welch, La., and Ruth Griffard of St. Louis, Mo.

Lt. Griffard was married shortly before the invasion to Lt. Frank Evais, an American troop-carrier pilot whose parents live in Ottawa, Canada. Their five-day honeymoon ended when he had to fly back south and his bride joined the invasion forces.

Just nine days after the original party of nurses landed, an evacuation hospital on this beachhead, jammed with wounded and medical personnel, was bombed by a single German plane, which killed 27 and wounded 68 officers and men. Two of the dead were nurses, the first to die through enemy action in this war. Several other nurses were wounded.

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HAPPY DAY. In China men of Maj. Gen. Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force hadn't wetted their whistles on beer for two years. When it came it was rationed but it was still beer. Here are S/Sgt. William Lichtle Jr., S/Sgt. T. S. Alexander, T/Sgt. Joseph Lapurie and M/Sgt. Sherrod E. Rea paying T/Sgt. M. J. Markus.

Valiant Attempt of a Chicago Tovarich To Uphold the Tradition in Iran

By Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

TEHERAN, IRAN — When President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Premier Stalin held their historic conference here, all the personnel at the camp were restricted. Cpl. Jimmy Martin, a sax player who used to give out with the dream stuff at the Sherman Hotel's Panther Room in Chicago and now plays with a Special Service band called the New Friends of Rhythm, celebrated his 38th birthday during this restriction.

Now, it has been Jimmy's custom to celebrate his birthday with two or three drinks and a nice dinner. "Never more than three drinks," explains Jimmy. "I'm not a drinking man."

Jimmy sweated out the conference and as soon as the provost marshal took the lid off, he begged a pass from his CO. The pass was only good for the afternoon, because Jimmy had to play a dance that night.

Cpl. Martin was the first GI in Teheran that afternoon; most of the lads were saving their passes for night work. In the first bar Jimmy hit, he saw three Russians sitting at a table and drinking vodka. They were two captains and a first louey.

Jimmy went up to the bar and ordered his usual light vermouth. "As I told you before," explains Jimmy, "I'm not a drinking man." Jimmy had the light vermouth somewhere between his epiglottis and esophagus when it came up suddenly and spread all over the bar. Someone had hit him on the back.

When Jimmy picked himself up off the floor, he was staring into the smiling face of the Russian louey. "Raasvelt—Stalin—good, yes?" the Red Army back-slapper asked. "Yes," answered Jimmy.

"Americans—Russians—good, yes?" the Russian louey said. "Yes," repeated Jimmy.

"You have drink with me and my friends to Tovarich Raasvelt, yes?" asked the louey. "Yes," said Cpl. Martin.

Jimmy went to the Russians' table feeling very fine. After all, it wasn't every day you had a snort with two captains and a louey; it wasn't every day the Big Three had a powwow in your back yard—and it wasn't every day you had a birthday.

The two captains were introduced to Jimmy. "A Tovarich from Chicago," was the way the lieutenant introduced Jimmy to them. The louey poured out four stiff glasses of vodka.

Jimmy tried to tell them he wasn't a drinking man, but by that time the Russians had arisen. "To Tovarich Raasvelt," one of the captains said. After downing the vodka, Jimmy tried once more to explain to the happy Russians that he wasn't a drinking man, but now the Russians were on their feet again. "To Tovarich Stalin," they said, and down went four more glasses of vodka.

From there on, they toasted all the Allied leaders, all the famous Russian battles, and then each of Jimmy's 38 years. "I wanted to quit but, being the only dogface in the joint, I figured I hadda uphold our tradition," Jimmy moans.

Late that night two Russian captains and a first louey carried a limp form in ODs to the camp gate.

"This is Tovarich from Chicago. He is tired. Treat him kindly," said the first louey to the MP at the gate. "He is good, Raasvelt's good, Stalin's good, everybody's good—good night."

Cpl. Jimmy Martin is out of the guardhouse now and back with the New Friends of Rhythm.

"I didn't mind the rap in the guardhouse," he says. "In fact, the shape I was in, I didn't want any of my pals to see me anyhow. But I feel bad about the Russians bringing me home; it sort of hurt our tradition. It's a damn shame I'm not a drinking man."

A Yank in New Guinea Weds The Girl of His Dreams in Kansas

NEW GUINEA—When Pfc. Marvin P. Patton of Fort Worth, Tex., comes marching home, his step will be quickened to the beat of his heart. Patton and his bride, the former Miss Evelyn Wagner of Chicago, have never had a honeymoon except by mail.

A shoe salesman, Patton was kneeling at Evelyn's feet when he first met her five years ago. It was love over a pair of shoelaces, but the Texan didn't have the courage to propose, even though he was already on his knees.

Three years later, when they'd had a chance to get a little better acquainted, Patton did pop the question. But by this time he was just an ex-shoe salesman, being a private stationed at Camp Grant, Ill.

Invitations to the wedding had been printed and Patton had bought the ring when he suddenly found himself passing the Golden Gate. Evelyn dumped the unused invitations into the fire.

After weeks of correspondence, the GI and his girl decided on a marriage by proxy. Then legal difficulties snarled things up, because proxy marriages are illegal in Illinois. Evelyn finally went to Kansas City, Kans., where a justice of the peace performed the ceremony, with bridegroom Patton in New Guinea.

But marriage by the hands-across-the-Pacific method isn't the easiest way. "The whole thing cost $365, took plenty of sweating out, and I wasn't even there," says Patton. "But gosh, it was worth it. There's one advantage — we've never had a fight."

And that ain't all, brother.

—Cpl. CHUCK RATHE
YANK Staff Correspondent

So Then This Little Guy Says to the Marine Sergeant—

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—Here's a story the marines are telling about a certain Leatherneck sergeant, leader of a machine-gun section.

After beating the bush all day, he and his men finally came to the crest of a ridge. The sergeant peered over the edge into a crater below and discovered a whole company of Japs grouped together in an open spot eating chow.

His trained eye told him at once that if he set up his guns over to his left, the Japs would come directly into the zone of his fire. This was what he'd been dreaming about for 22 years.

Practically drooling, the sergeant stage-whispered at the thick bush over on his right, where his company and guns were waiting under cover:

"Jake, bring the guns over on the left flank."

"No," answered a voice. "Better on the right flank."

"Bring those guns over on the left flank," the sergeant demanded again, louder and more emphatically. "On the double."

Again the voice answered:

"No, better to have them on the right flank."

Here was the supreme moment of the sergeant's career, and now that it was here, his orders were being disobeyed. With murder in his heart, the sergeant plunged through the bush, ready to beat a disobedient corporal down to parade rest. But instead of the corporal, he came face to face with a smiling, English-speaking Jap. Rushing up to him, the outraged sergeant shook his finger in the Jap's face and hollered:

"Goddammit, Mac, you run your outfit and I'll run mine."

—Marine Corps Correspondent

This Week's Cover

THE SMILING nurse digging a slit trench in Italy is Lt. Maxine Lykins from Albany, Mo. Sgt. George Aarons of YANK photographed her at work in the hospital grounds a few minutes after she and 21 other nurses had been landed in the Anzio-Nettuno invasion area—the first American girls to reach the beachhead established south of Rome.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. George Aarons. 6—Fourteenth Air Force. 7—Coast Artillery Command. 9—Acme. 10 & 11—Signal Corps. 12 & 13—Armed Forces Radio Service. 15—Signal Corps. 18—Upper left, Maxton AAB, N. C.; upper right, Signal Corps Fort Riley, Kans.; lower left, Sgt. John N. Farnham, Syracuse AAB, N. Y.; lower right, Signal Corps. 19—Upper left, Pfc. Paul Deutschmann; upper right, Acme; center right, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower right, Columbia AAB, S. C. 20—Hal McAlpin, Goldwyn Pictures. 21—U. S. Navy. 23—PA.

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Good Neighbor Symphony

GIs and gobs stationed in the Panama Canal Zone make music in their off-duty hours with the republic's own orchestra.

By Cpl. RICHARD HARRITY
YANK Staff Correspondent

The Panama National Symphony Orchestra with its Yank and resident players gets ready to play the next number.

PANAMA—The Good Neighbor theme is being set to music in Latin America by United States soldiers and sailors here who play with the Panama National Symphony Orchestra in their off-duty hours.

The Symphony is an international organization made up of Guatemalans, Colombians, Costa Ricans, Ecuadorians and European refugees, as well as Panamanians and U. S. citizens. Herbert de Castro is its founder and conductor.

As a youth, de Castro had his heart set on becoming a matador, but his father sent him to Paris, where he spent 10 years studying the Wagnerian Ring instead of the bull ring. Returning to Panama as an accomplished musician and conductor, de Castro began an uphill fight to create a national symphony orchestra. Just as the orchestra was becoming established, the war came along and dealt it a blow.

"It became very difficult to replace musicians who had to leave us, and the orchestra was in a precarious position," de Castro says. "I knew that there must be good musicians serving with the U. S. armed forces in Panama, so I went to Army and Navy authorities and told them our problem. They graciously agreed to permit soldiers and sailors to play with us, provided it did not interfere with their duties."

Several Yanks responded to de Castro's musical distress signal, and the conductor merged them with the other nationals into a polyglot but harmonious whole. How he does it is something of a minor miracle in music and linguistics.

Cpl. Morton Block of Chicago, Ill., an Air Force soldier who plays in the violin section, says he's constantly amazed at the orchestra rehearsals.

"Most of us can't understand each other," Block says, "and before a rehearsal starts, it sounds like the Tower of Babel tuning up. But fortunately we all understand de Castro, who switches from Spanish to English to French to Italian to achieve the effects he wants. De Castro has even picked up a few GI expressions, and it's pretty funny to hear him yell, 'let's get on the ball' in the middle of some Beethoven."

Once each month at the *Teatro Nacionale*, the orchestra gives a concert to capacity audiences, including sailors on shore leave from ships passing through the Canal and soldiers on pass for the night from jungle positions. A large number of Panamanians and U. S. civilians from the Zone also attend.

Cancelation of a recent concert was threatened when the orchestra's regular tympanist became ill on the day of the performance. The featured work was to be the Second Piano Concerto of Saint-Saens, which calls for a long tympani solo.

At the last minute, de Castro sent out an SOS to the Navy and they responded with James Salmon Music of Chicago, Ill., a professional tympanist in civilian life.

"With only half an hour's notice and without any rehearsal," de Castro said, "Salmon stepped out on the stage and saved the concert with an outstanding performance." De Castro had Salmon come down to the conductor's stand and, shaking his hand, publicly thanked him.

"When de Castro presented me to the audience," Salmon says, "I felt funny getting all that attention. I hadn't played the Saint-Saens in years, but fortunately I remembered it well enough to get by. I was glad I could help, because—like lots of other servicemen down here who love good music—I'm grateful to this orchestra for giving us the chance to hear it. Then, too, this orchestra enables the soldier and sailor musicians who play with it to continue their life work."

Another sailor who has distinguished himself with the orchestra is Samuel Matlowsky S1c of Pedro Miguel, Canal Zone, who appeared as piano soloist on two occasions, playing concertos by Grieg and Tchaikovsky. Both Latins and GIs jumped to their feet with cries of "Bravo."

Later the Costa Rican Government asked the 15th Naval District if Matlowsky could be borrowed for a recital in San Jose, the capital. The Navy agreed and Sam gave a recital for the benefit of the local Red Cross. The Costa Rican press hailed his performance as one of the most notable in many seasons. Now other Latin-American countries have invited the sailor-pianist to appear, and de Castro is planning to feature him with the National Symphony in an all-Gershwin program.

RECENTLY the Symphony, which is a department of the Ministry of Education, decided to show its appreciation to the U. S. armed forces by giving a special concert for soldiers, sailors and marines at an Army post.

"De Castro wanted to play Anton Dvorak's "New World" Symphony because it contains so much American folk music," says Theodore Di Georgia Mus3c, who doubles in brass between a Navy band and the Symphony, "but he couldn't find a score in Panama. On top of that, the orchestra didn't have an English horn, although that instrument plays a prominent part in the work."

The Army came through with a perfect assist. "A cable was sent to the War Department's Special Service Division in Washington," said Pfc. Rafael Grossman of New York City, a violinist who graduated from the Juilliard School of Music and plays in the orchestra between Air Force duties. "The Special Service people sent us a complete score by air mail."

"And the Coordinator for Inter-American Affairs in Panama sent to the States for an English horn," added Di Georgia, "and presented it to the orchestra as a contribution toward the success of the concert."

With Lt. Gen. George H. Brett, commanding general of the Caribbean Defense Command, acting as host, a thousand soldiers, sailors and marines attended the concert. It was a strictly GI affair except for the guests of honor, President Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia of the Republic of Panama, the ministers of his cabinet, the diplomatic corps and the higher brass and braid of the Caribbean area.

The orchestra began the program with a medley of Latin-American airs, then played the "New World" Symphony and concluded with a medley of Stephen Foster's American folk songs.

Probably de Castro summed up the feelings of everybody who has heard the National Symphony play when he wrote:

"We all hope this war will be won quickly, but when it is, we are going to miss these men. These soldiers and sailors who join with us in making music are, indeed, good neighbors in the truest sense."

Senor de la Guardia, President of Panama (leaning on rail at left), listens to the Panama Symphony.

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Tito's Army

The small band of freedom-loving Yugoslav men and women who started a brave fight with captured weapons against the Nazi invaders three years ago has now grown into an efficient machine of 300,000 Partisan troops.

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Correspondent

CAIRO, EGYPT [By Cable]—One morning early in 1941, somewhere in German-occupied Yugoslavia, two men with empty rifles held up 10 Quisling policemen and relieved them of their guns and ammunition. Today, somewhere in liberated Yugoslavia, these two men have become part of a full Infantry battalion that includes tanks and heavy artillery.

It is a battalion of the Yugoslav Partisan Army, a force that has grown in two years from isolated guerrilla bands to an army of about 300,000 men and women; an army that has been largely responsible for pinning down some 300,000 Axis troops in Yugoslavia, or as many Nazis as the Fifth and Eighth Armies combined are fighting in Italy; an army that is the weapon of Yugoslav people who desire a democratic country after the war.

This army has liberated more than half of Yugoslavia, but it has done more than that. It has played an important part in the general Allied struggle. During the Tunisian campaign, for instance, the Partisans destroyed at least 217 German trains carrying troops and supplies to the south. During the Sicilian campaign, when the Allies were facing not more than three and one-half German divisions, the Partisans were fighting seven German divisions. During both these campaigns and the Italian invasion, the Partisan Army was tying up from 16 to 20 Italian divisions that would otherwise have been free for use against the British and Americans.

All this was done without outside help and in spite of a lack of understanding on the outside and fifth-column work on the inside. It was done without Yugoslav planes or equipment, and without the benefit of Lend-Lease aid, which in some quarters is regarded as the military equivalent of getting married without benefit of clergy.

Recently, however, the Partisans have been receiving Allied supplies in a "substantially increasing" flow, which an official spokesman credited with helping to make possible continuing successes against the Nazis.

The Yugoslav Partisan Army started with nothing except courage and an understanding of what it was fighting for, but this happened to be the prerequisite for everything. The Partisans took their faith and intelligence from themselves and their equipment from the enemy.

Today they have tanks, field guns of large caliber, all the necessary small arms and even a few planes. They are a recognized Allied army commanded by their own officer, Tito, who is officially recognized by the Allies as "commander-in-chief of the Yugoslav People's Army of Liberation." They can even call for Allied air support when they plan an attack, the ultimate proof that they are definitely out of the bush leagues.

All this has been accomplished by the application of militant democracy, not by any Wild West tactics. Contrary to most reports, Tito is not the Lone Ranger. He is a sober, political-minded man who has won his war as much by good politics as by superior military strategy. He has succeeded by understanding that this is a people's war and is fighting it accordingly. An American military observer, who spent several months with the Partisans, has compared Tito and the present Yugoslav struggle with George Washington and our own fight for independence.

The partisan Army is open to all who are willing to fight the Nazis, regardless of their race, religion or political color. It is an army with the broadest possible base, composed of Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, Montenegrins; Jews, Christians, Moslems; Communists and conservatives. It includes an Italian division, a Czech brigade, a Hungarian battalion, a Bulgarian battalion and even a German company.

It operates under the slogan, "Hit the Nazi wherever and whenever you meet him." It has not waited for the Allies to come and kick out the fascists; it has begun to do this by itself with its own blood and brains and guts.

The development of the Partisan Army has been tough and bloody, and its composition is important not only as an example of the kind of army that is winning this war but also as an example of the kind of country these Yugoslav peoples mean to create after the war. There is a direct relationship between the character of an army and that of its parent state. The strength and democracy of the Partisan Army demonstrate even at this early date that the war for this country is one of national liberation.

The Partisan Army developed out of spontaneous guerrilla resistance that sprang up after the Germans invaded Yugoslavia in April 1941. The regular Yugoslav Army collapsed in seven days and the government fled from the country. At first the guerrillas were isolated, hiding in the mountains and lacking communication with anyone else. Then the movement began to grow, organized primarily by Yugoslav Communists and led by a man calling himself Tito, which is actually a name without any more meaning than Jack or Pete. His real name is Josip Broz.

Although the movement was organized at first by Communists, it was never really a Communist uprising; it was always a people's movement embracing all sects and parties. The only entrance requirement was willingness to kill fascists. As the movement grew, new leaders sprang up from the ranks, chosen by the people themselves. Tito remained at the head, but various guerrilla bands had no officers as such, and the policy was decided by round-table discussion.

Then, as the guerrillas became more and more successful, the Partisan outfits gradually were molded into regular army units. Equipment, captured from the Germans and the Italians, began to trickle into their hands. A network of supply grew up around the army, organized by the people of the country. More and more volunteers showed up, slipping through the German lines.

ON May 1, 1943, the high command issued a decree introducing officer and noncommissioned-officer ranks into the Partisan Army. These officers and NCOs were men who had been leading the units all along, selected by the soldiers themselves as the bravest and most able.

The Partisan ranks had been increased by men and women from all over Yugoslavia. They had replaced their makeshift weapons with the latest Axis pieces and were now fighting German tanks with German antitank guns. It was a far cry from that night in the dead bloody past when 1,000 guerrillas, armed only with wooden lances, had made a night attack on an entire German garrison to get the guns and ammunition they needed so desperately. By May 1, 1943, the guerrillas had become a proud and powerful army.

It is a different army, though, from almost any other army in the world. It is composed of both men and women fighters, with the number of women in some brigades running as high as 20 percent. The women handle guns the same as the men do, and there are even women company commanders. The women in the army are treated on an equal basis with the men.

The Partisan Army is divided into 10 corps and these are subdivided into divisions, brigades, battalions and companies. The basic fighting unit is the battalion; a company rarely goes out alone, unless it is on a special mission. The social unit, however, is the company, commanded by a military company commander and a political officer. There are also battalion, brigade and divisional political officers, and each platoon has what is called a platoon delegate, who is an assistant political officer.

These political officers are not representatives of any particular party. They represent the liberation movement as a whole. More than 70 percent of them had no active political background at all before the war. The political officer for a company is appointed by the divisional staff from the ranks of platoon delegates in that particular company. The platoon delegates are in turn appointed from the ordinary soldiers.

The main duty of the delegates and the political officers is to help build a fighting morale and unity among the men. Each company has a meeting at least once a week. The political officer presides at the meeting where any complaints the men may have are aired. At these meetings, too, the political officer brings up any political problems that may have arisen since the last meetings, discusses the general political and military situation in Yugoslavia and elsewhere, and leads the discussion on any topics the men may bring up. Another function of the political officer is to see that there is no religious or racial strife in the company. During battle he is always in action along with the men.

Tito, the Partisan commander in chief.

Once the battle starts, the company commander is in sole charge, but at the meeting that is always held after a battle, the political officer, like anybody else in the company, can criticize the action. These company tactical meetings, held immediately before and after battle, are another unique feature of the Partisan Army. Before the battle, the men talk about the purpose of the particular action, their tactical plan and its place in the general strategy of the campaign. They also send greetings to Tito. After the battle the meeting is like a critique period. Each man is free to say what he thinks of the way the company has behaved in action and the way it has been led or misled.

If anything or anyone has been proved wrong, action is immediately taken on the matter. Once a matter has been decided, however, the decision is law. Discipline is extremely strict, and decisions must be obeyed by everyone.

The company also elects a cultural-education committee whose function is to handle the social and political business of the company. Illiteracy is considered a crime; everyone is compelled to

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After battle, each company has a meeting. Each man is free to say what he thinks of the way it has behaved in action and the way it has been led or misled.

The Partisan Army is composed of both sexes. The women are treated on an equal basis with the men.

learn to read and write. The committee makes a study plan for the company and prepares lectures on everything from history to mathematics. If there are books available these are distributed, each man working with five or six others. In some brigades each company has its own newspaper, appearing at least once a month and consisting of some 40 or 50 typewritten pages.

There is a great hunger for news in the Partisan Army. Bulletins are received every day over the radio and spread like wildfire through the various units. The men and women are particularly interested in political developments.

Each Partisan brigade has at least one priest fighting with it. The church has suffered as much as the state in Yugoslavia and has become an integral part of the liberation movement. It is a familiar sight to see long-bearded patriarchs marching along with the men. The Partisans have a slogan, "A beard is worth a brigade."

THERE are some 5,000 officers in the Partisan Army at this point, most of whom have come from the ranks. At first a man had to be a private before he could become an officer. The former deputy chief of staff to the high command, who was a captain in the regular Yugoslav Army, started as a private in the Partisan Army two years ago. The second in command of the Second Serb Brigade received his appointment at the ripe old age of 19.

Recently a change was made in that regulation, to allow officers of the pre-war Yugoslav Army to keep their old rank when they join the Partisans. The change was made because, with the present expansion of the Partisan Army, there is a need for professional military men.

There are no such things as orderlies and nothing that even remotely resembles an officers' mess. On the other hand, there is more saluting per square yard than is required in the U. S. Army. When the men of one detachment pass the men of another unit on the road they shout the Partisan motto, "Death to Fascism!" The others reply, "Freedom to the People!"

There are no induction centers in the Partisan Army and no pay days. A dead German is considered pay enough. When a man over 18 years of age joins up, he goes straight to his unit, receives two hours of instruction in rifle and hand grenade and is ready for action. Boys under 18 get the benefit of three weeks in recruit drill before they are allowed into action. The Partisan Army includes men between 14 and 65, which is considered a reasonable age limit.

A recruit isn't issued much personal equipment because there isn't much to issue. He keeps his own clothing but is given an overseas cap with the red Partisan star, made in a Partisan factory behind the lines. He is given either a rifle or a sub-machine gun, some hand grenades and anywhere from 150 to 200 rounds of ammunition. The hand grenades are manufactured in Partisan factories with explosives from German duds. The rifle probably is either of German or Italian make; the sub-machine gun is either a Yugoslav model popular in the pre-war army or a light German make. The sub-machine gun is the main Partisan weapon; in some brigades every fifth man is armed that way.

The recruit is also given a bayonet and a knife if he doesn't already have one. Partisans don't wear helmets, because they consider them too heavy and because they can't get them anyway. The Partisans wear a mixture of uniforms from German and Italian clothing to British battle dress. There is nothing distinctive about their dress, although most of them carry a small musette bag and a German shelter half. Despite this variety of clothing, they seem to have no trouble telling their friends from their enemies.

The Partisan soldier eats regularly, although only twice a day. Food is very scarce. He gets plenty of meat, a little bread, a few potatoes, no fats, no sugar and no coffee—in fact, nothing to drink but water.

The soldier's food is supplied to a great extent by the people in whose territory the army is moving. In every liberated village a committee is elected to support the liberation movement. One function is to feed the Partisans, and the villagers do it even if they go hungry themselves.

If a fighter distinguishes himself in action, shows leadership ability and earns the praise both of the officers and of the men, he is sure to be recommended by his CO for appointment by the high command as an officer. Then, as a junior officer, he is eligible to attend any one of a dozen military academies that have been established in liberated territory.

These academies are similar to our Infantry School, Field Artillery School and Armored Force School. Their instructors are men who have been through the mill, and the courses never run more than two months. Time is too short to learn military subjects backward and forward. Officers just learn them forward and then go back to the front.

If a fighter is wounded so that he cannot return to action, he is sent either to his own village, where he carries on war work, or to an organization called "Military Forces in the Rear," whose job is to watch for saboteurs and fifth columnists, set up hospitals, organize transport and supply, and perform other rear-echelon jobs.

THE tactics of the Partisan Army are simple enough. They are based mainly on two principles: never let the enemy have the initiative and always try to have numerical superiority over the enemy at any given point. The Partisans always try to fight the Germans where and when the Partisans want to fight. They like to fight at night, which is the basic test of any army's morale and discipline.

Because of these tactics the Partisan Army is highly mobile, even though its mobility is usually accomplished on foot. In one year the Second Serb Brigade covered approximately 2,800 miles on foot. The First Serb Brigade once marched 75 miles in 36 hours over mountains.

Tito's practical plan has been to use two armies —a regular one and a guerrilla army behind the German lines. While he holds the Germans along a front probably similar in character to the Italian front, he hits them in the rear with swift and deadly guerrilla troops. At this moment there are Partisan shock units fighting miles within Austria itself. The Hungarian battalion has struck deep inside Hungary. The Partisans have constant liaison with resistance movements in Greece, Albania, Italy and Bulgaria.

Tito's war is no small-time business.

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The 7th Division, veterans of the Aleutians, wondered if Kwajalein would be a tougher nut to crack than Attu. But when they landed, they found that our guns and bombs had already smashed it to bits.

Soldiers of the 17th Infantry advance past a Jap radio tower that had been blasted into a twisted pile of girders by U. S. bombers attacking the Marshalls during invasion. The island is Enubuj, on Kwajalein Atoll.

MARSHALLS MASSACRE

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

KWAJALEIN ISLAND, KWAJALEIN ATOLL, THE MARSHALL ISLANDS [By Cable]—The sight and smell of dead Japs are everywhere on this island. Puddles of water are deep red with their blood. The beaches are lined with their bodies or parts of their bodies—shoes with feet, nothing else; grinning heads, with occasional cigarettes still pinched between brown teeth, but without torsos; scattered arms and legs, far from the bodies to which they belong.

There are Jap bodies in the shambles of what, not many days ago, were considered impregnable pillboxes. Others, their rifles frozen in their hands, are huddled near the scrawny trunks of barely recognizable coconut palms. Some are lying in what were recently barracks but now are only scattered piles of unsalvageable debris. A few simply fell beside the road and along the runways of the great airport constructed here only a short time ago.

It is surprising now that there is any island left here at all; it is certainly amazing that there are any Japs alive and still fighting. Never before have so many tons of varied destruction rained on so small a space.

The entire island is not more than two and a half miles in length, along an axis varying from 2,500 feet at the east end to 1,000 feet in width at the northwest tip. Kwajalein, shaped like a slightly distended kidney and extending along the southern end of the atoll from which it takes its name, was three days earlier the headquarters of all the Jap-held Marshalls. Now it is just one more point of rapidly diminishing enemy resistance.

Kwajalein is the sixth tiny island to fall to the soldiers of the 7th Division since D Day. The islands of Enubuj, Ennylabegan, Gea and Ninni were taken with little opposition. Then the 7th captured Gehh Island.

Within a few hours of the landing of our first forces on nearby Enubuj, our field artillery began pounding the landing beaches, Red One and Two, at the southern end of Kwajalein Island across the lagoon. The guns roared constantly for an hour and a half before our first waves landed at 0930 on Kwajalein Island. Sixty seconds before the landing, the gunners shifted their fire to the north. Their bombardments have moved along ahead of the front line since.

Bombardments are continuing in a small confined area at the narrow northern end of the island, where there are still scattered, hungry, disorganized and shell-shocked Japs, huddled in the ruins of their pillboxes and crouched near the ridiculous stumps of pandanus and coconut palms trees. Not a single Jap plane has appeared over our task force since the operation began.

A few duds are still scattered throughout the island, but most of the shells destroyed beyond recognition every important installation here. All night the sky was red with the blaze of oil dumps set afire by our destroyers, which will continue their fire under Army orders until the last Jap is dead or captured. Navy carrier-based bombers and torpedo planes are still on call, ready to hit any neglected enemy stronghold. Throughout the offensive they have been operating a few hundred yards beyond our front lines, dive-bombing and strafing. They will continue in the morning.

The results of this bombardment are evident everywhere. Nowhere on this thickly wooded island do there seem to be more than a dozen or so trees untouched. Green and ripe coconuts and huge breadfruit are everywhere underfoot, as well as palm fronds. Shrapnel seems to be in every foxhole and dugout. Great coconut logs have been thrown hundreds of yards.

AND yet, when the first waves of men of the 7th Division had raced onto the Red Beaches after the bombardment, there were still many Japs—waiting, armed and very much alive. The mop-up, the actual capture of this island, could, as always, be accomplished only by infantrymen—this time by men who had driven the Japs from the Aleutians and now are ejecting them from territory that has been theirs ever since 1914.

During the long minutes in the assault boats, nobody spoke about the battle that was to come. Some read, others slept, the rest talked. Eventually, just before we reached the line of departure, everyone got around to talking about where he'd rather be than in the assault boat headed for the Jap-held island. And where he'd like to be having dinner—whether Antoine's in New Orleans was better than Pierre's in San Francisco, whether steaks would be better than chocolate malteds. Or maybe, since the two water canteens each man carried couldn't be opened in the boats, whether a simple coke right now wouldn't taste better than anything.

Just before the first boats reached the coral lining around the beach, the men could see dead Japs piled on shore, lying where they had died. A quick pool was formed in one of the boats on how many days it would take to occupy Kwaja-

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lein. The lowest guess was 24 hours, the highest 14 days. The boat commander held the stakes—a total of $16.

The sun was shining and there was a light breeze as everyone made the inevitable comment: "Perfect day for an invasion." And then, as the boats drew in to shore, the equally inevitable observation that it was a lot safer to be in the U. S. Army headed for Kwajalein than in the Jap Army defending the place.

Nobody saw any reason to change his mind after hitting the beach. There was some light machine-gun fire and, as had been expected, the first pillboxes were full of Japs with rifles. But most of them were not pillboxes with connecting trenches like the defenses on Tarawa and Makin in the Gilberts. The emplacements here were shallow, their tops had been shattered and none of them held more than three or four Japs. They were throwing practically no heavy fire at us, only occasional bursts of inaccurate heavy machine-gun bullets and some mortar fire.

The advance up the long axis of the island toward the airfield was slow and unspectacular and methodical. Our casualties were extremely small. The men crept from shell crater to shell crater, sometimes running across a few yards of open space. But no pillbox was considered harmless, no matter how many waves of our men had passed ahead of it. In several cases the Japs had held their fire until after the advance platoons had moved around and beyond them. No tree was left with enough foliage to hide a sniper. If the naval and artillery gunfire hadn't shattered a tree, our BAR and rifle fire did an additional pruning job on it.

By night, a third of the island was in the hands of the 7th Division, and the troops had dug deep into two- and three-man foxholes. One man always stayed on guard in each foxhole, but the others didn't sleep because of intermittent raids and recurring reports of Jap counterattacks and infiltration. A handful of Japs did get through our lines, but they were not coordinated into an attacking force and were easily mopped up in the morning, one by one.

The platoon leader of 3d Platoon, Company L, heard jabbering at one point a few yards ahead of his advanced position. From the remains of a storehouse, about 10 yards to his left, came fierce stage whispers in English: "You Americans are gonna die. You Americans are gonna die." His guard let go with their rifles and BARs and a flame thrower, and the jabbering stopped.

Occasionally someone would see a dark figure, or maybe two, a few yards ahead. There were never more than two or three at a time, and there were never any questions asked by the Americans; nobody waited for passwords.

A Jap truck that had been shattered by artillery was standing, apparently abandoned, about a dozen yards ahead of one U. S. position. Shortly after midnight the truck door opened. Out stepped a short, pudgy Jap officer with a star on his cap, a pistol at his side and a saber almost as long as himself brandished in his right hand. The Jap walked slowly forward about three paces, grinning. Pfc. Ashley Stewart of Napa, Calif., raised his rifle and fired at him four times. T/Sgt. James E. Watkins of Humphrey, Calif., threw two grenades just to add a finishing touch.

Early in the morning, the 7th Division again began its stubborn, businesslike move forward and again the mopping-up platoons and squads were harassed from pillboxes. But after a flame thrower had been put to discreet use, a trembling Jap or two would emerge with his hands raised high.

Several prisoners were taken, most of them small, gaunt, hungry and thirsty. None had had anything to eat or drink for two or three days. Almost all of them had been told that if any surrendered, their ears would be cut off by their barbaric white enemy. Instead, if they had been wounded, they received treatment, and all were given as much K and D rations and candy as they could eat and all the halazone-treated water they could drink. Several of them immediately announced that they had decided to move to California after the war.

Early in the afternoon the first really coordinated enemy attack was launched across the rough torn coral at the edge of the airfield. The movement of the Japs was obscured by the dark, frond-covered ground, but a handful of men of the 7th Division halted their drive and inflicted many casualties.

A few minutes later the airfield was completely ours. Seventy Japs died in a tank trap just beyond the landing strip when it was hit by tanks, light and heavy machine guns, mortars, flame throwers, Bangalore torpedoes, BARs and rifles.

Not a single American died in that engagement.

The 7th Division, in capturing Kwajalein Island and the nearby islets in the southern part of this atoll, has killed an estimated 4,650 Japs and taken 173 prisoners. Our casualties have been 157 dead, 712 wounded and 17 missing.

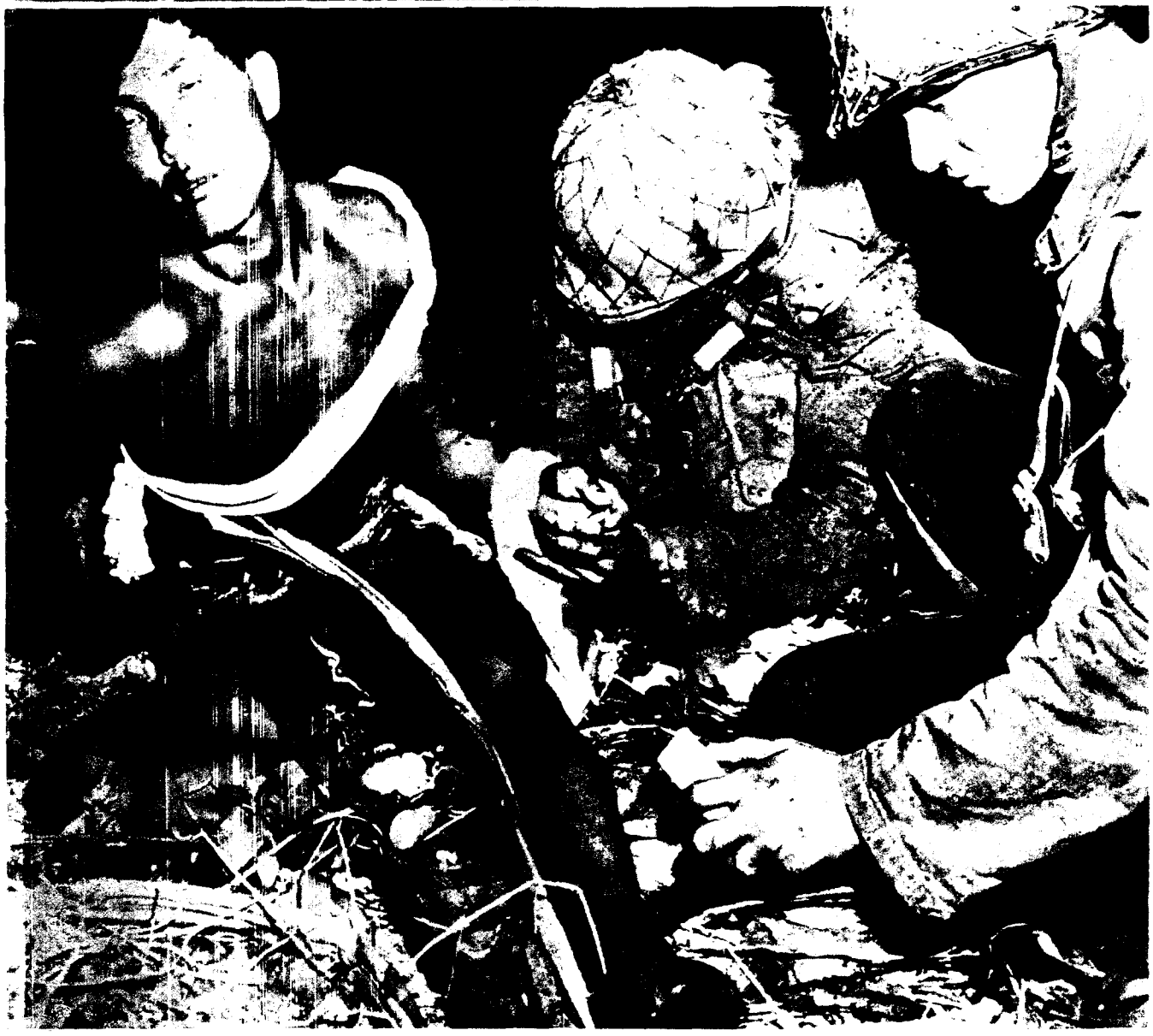
Occasionally a star shell lights up the entire end of the island, where the few remaining Japs can be seen. They're attempting to break through our lines in more scattered counterattacks. Through the haze of field artillery fire, the night is bright again with the long-burning oil dumps, some of which have been smoldering for three days.

Down on the assault beach, a bright new American flag is flying—above the assembled jeeps, bulldozers and tanks being prepared to move forward, above the MPs guarding the ammunition supply and above the beach party directing the outgoing and incoming boats.

A few Jap bicycles are being shined by the usual souvenir hunters, Jap .25 and .31 rifles are being cleaned and Jap bayonets polished.

The talk in the foxholes now is mainly about the next island that we'll attack. Obviously the fight for Kwajalein is nearly over.

Everyone hopes that the next island will smell better.



One of the Koreans who have been forced to labor for the Japs is treated for his wounds. Dazed and wracked with pain, he is given first aid by two 17th Infantry soldiers who were among the invaders of Kwajalein Atoll.

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"The last of the red-hot mamas" takes up packin' a pistol. Sophie Tucker (right) does some fancy vocal shooting accompanied by Fibber McGee and Harry Von Zell as Betty Grable and Fibber's partner Molly wait their turn.

Reality hits the air waves in the form of a porterhouse steak. A GI asked to hear one sizzling just as it hit the skillet and this trio was only too glad to oblige.

Comedy, music and glamor are the right combinations for *Mail Call*. George Burns (left) doesn't think the music funny. Others are Dennis Day, Gracie Allen, Fred MacMurray and Dot Lamour.

When Ingrid Bergman was mistress of ceremonies, her fellow performers couldn't keep their eyes off her, at least during rehearsal. Here's Roy Rogers, cowboy star, with Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen in full admiration.

This is the dream combination, but exclusive to the armed forces: Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore and Bing Crosby in happy harmony.

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are
not letting him run [illegible] and Lana Turner.

Janet Blair, in answer to soldiers, sailors and marines from around the world who want to hear her, dedicates a song to them during a *Command Performance* broadcast.

s have used all the discs. Among the programs are Com-
nd Performance, Mail Call, Jubilee, Melody Round-up, GI
rnal, GI Jive, Great Music, Yarns for Yanks, Showtime,
mns from Home, Music for Sunday, Personal Album, Yank
ing Session, Sports Interview, Are You a Genius?, Downbeat,
ont Line Theater and Sound Off. On these pages you see some
the programs in the making at various Los Angeles studios.

Veronica Lake, with tamed hair, answers a soldier's request by frying an egg and bacon.

Judy Somewhere Ov[illegible] Rainbow Garland and Bob [illegible] going over

Chicks for a farm boy who wanted to hear peeps. Sponsors: Ginger Rogers and Alice Faye.

Bojangles Bill Robinson, beloved hoofer, taps it out before the mike during an appearance on *Jubilee*.

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Post-War Justice

Dear YANK:
In a January issue Pfc. Sam Mayo says it is unfair to propose that "the German officer class must be automatically included among the Nazi war criminals listed for punishment after the war." Pfc. Mayo argues that their tenacity, skill and daring are not vices; he argues that punishment should be given for specific crimes only. But Pfc. Mayo forgets that for centuries the German officer class has sought and found its social, economic and political power by fomenting wars. Even if we are to punish the German militarists for "specific crimes alone," then every one of them is still guilty of being accessory to about 5,000,000 cases of premeditated murder: accessories before, during and after the fact.

ASTP, Georgia Tech, Atlanta, Ga. —Cadet JOHN E. BROWN

Dear YANK:
Present plans for post-war Germany are inadequate, for they are apparently based on the widely held theory that there will be nothing left for us to do anything with in Germany after the war. But if we believe that, then we are beaten before we start. Personally I believe that with a population of close to 80,00,000 people, Germany, even after 11 years of Nazi rule, will still have some nationals left with liberal ideas. With the power taken away from the now-powerful Nazi party, Germany will thus be able to stand by herself in a post-war world. It would not, of course, be a powerful or even important Germany, as it never should be again, but certainly the Allies should be able to agree on fair, unvengeful treatment for that conquered territory.

Fort Dix, N. J. —Pvt. JACK M. FOX

Dear YANK:
In a recent letter to YANK, Pfc. Sam Mayo says that after the war "we can hardly convict a German lieutenant for merely following the orders of his superior officers, as he has been trained to do." But how far can such reasoning be extended? There are numerous proved instances of German officers and men rounding up and slaughtering noncombatants. Apparently the officers operated under direct orders, and the German soldiers in turn operated under direct orders from their officers. On that premise, therefore, the tragedy of Lidice and the deliberate murders of innocent women and children at the hands of German officers and soldiers would go unpunished, for the executioners were only doing their duty. If we were willing to grant that such acts require "skill" and "courage" and "discipline" from Nazi troops, we might add that they also require a deadening of moral sensibilities and of human feelings. It is my heartfelt conviction, consequently, that any German officer or soldier who carries out such moral abominations, under orders or otherwise, is responsible to God and to man for his acts and should be treated accordingly. The only way to cut out the cancer of Nazism from the whole German nation is to make Germans realize that the rest of humanity holds every last individual of a vicious mass responsible for the deeds of the entire mob.

Fort Bragg, N. C. —S/Sgt. MILES S. SAMPSON

Dear YANK:
I have just seen the Army movie "Battle for Russia." According to the picture, every Russian has taken the oath of "Blood for Blood, Death for Death," an oath I find very interesting in view of the widely held opinion that even after victory we'll have a tough time changing the German people from their Nazi way of doing things. For with our Air Force and the RAF bombing hell out of Germany, and with the Russians killing thousands upon thousands on the Eastern Front, I'm quite sure there won't be very many Nazis left to worry about when the war's over. Personally, I hope Russia's people will be able to carry out their "Blood for Blood, Death for Death" oath so well that the rest of the German people will be so terrified they will never again want to pick up arms. It's my belief that most of the proposals for post-war treatment of Germany be kept out of the Continent until after Russia has had her justifiable revenge.

Alaska —Pvt. R. H. FANNING Jr.

MAIL CALL

Mercy for Japs

Dear YANK:
As God is my witness I am sorry to read of the way two American soldiers treated the enemy on Makin Island; they shot some Japanese when they might have been able to take them alive. I don't believe in killing unless it has to be done. I am a servant of God, so when I get into battle I hope by His help to take as many Japs alive as I can. If I am compelled to destroy lives in battle I shall do so, but when U.S. troops throw grenades into an enemy position and Japs run out unarmed we should make an effort to take them alive. I know that if I were in a dugout and forced to run out I would want mercy.

Camp Davis, N. C. —Pvt. RALPH H. LUCKEY

Boy and Man

Dear YANK:
The picture showing the group of GIs training in Italy as mountain fighters caught my eye because I noticed my son was there among them. He is Pvt. Earl J. Quinn Jr., and he is the GI who is next to Capt. Edmund Mueller. Thought you'd like to know that Earl began climbing with me on my steeplejack paint jobs at a tender age. Snapshot [*above*] shows Earl while I was teaching him to climb many years ago. [*Inset shows him as a mountain fighter.*]

Roanoke, Va. —EARL J. QUINN SR.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
In YANK, I notice that GIs have been throwing a lot of orchids to the boys of the Army Post Office for the marvelous work they've been doing. I would like to add my comment—they stink!
I have not received a single letter from home since Sept. 26. In this time I've been to every possible agency in an endeavor to have the situation remedied. My efforts have proved fruitless. The Red Cross is apathetic; the Post Office indifferent; Special Service unconcerned. Cheerful predictions that I may get a whole bagful tomorrow console me not a damn bit.
I don't expect you to do anything about this "crank" letter, still less to publish it, but I wanted to say what I feel about those puerile fatheads who think their half-baked mail system constitutes a post office.

Britain —Sgt. AL FORRISTOL

Dear YANK:
Let me present the champion letter writer in the Army! Sgt. R. J. Linden of this base has written his wife the following record-breaking number of letters and cards in a little less than a year: 1,385 letters, 362 cards and 12 souvenir folders. In short, he has written her almost four letters and more than one card every day for a year.

AAB, Tonopah, Nev. —Sgt. L. KAISERMAN

Chelsea Cigarettes

Dear YANK:
I have smoked a lot of Chelseas packed in field rations and I couldn't ask for a better cigarette. I was annoyed, therefore, when you revealed that the Army was planning to use only the three "popular brands" from now on. I think Chelseas have been done a grave injustice, inasmuch as they seem to be greatly responsible for the cut in price of all cigarettes to the boys across the sea. This is to say nothing of their cooperation with the Government in making adjustments in size and being so readily helpful in the packing of rations. In all fairness to Chelseas and the others who so willingly cooperated while the "big three" held out, I think that they should be allowed their regular place in line.

New Guinea —Cpl. T. C. HINTON

Baseball Boner

Dear YANK:
Sgt. Dan Polier named Johnny Rigney as a former Chicago Cub pitcher in his story on the Great Lakes baseball team. Rigney definitely is an ex-White Sox player, and for Sgt. Polier's safety he'd better enter Chicago in the future incognito. Chicagoans are very sensitive about Cub-White Sox relations; in fact, those dubs (I mean Cubs) don't even belong in the major leagues. Perhaps there is some National League fan in YANK who is trying to pull the wool over Polier's eyes.

Camp Claiborne, La. —Lt. D. DONELLAN

Dear YANK:
. . . it's an insult to associate any Sox player with the Cubs, and when that player is the husband of the treasurer of the White Sox organization—well!

Truax Field, Wis. —Pvt. ROBERT M. BRIESCHKE

Army Bonus

Dear YANK:
The boys and I have been discussing all the recent articles on post-war help for the rehabilitation of soldiers. But we don't want charity! If the Army would lend us any amount up to $2,000, say, with a return of $100 per year, and charge us no interest, we would appreciate that very much. But no bonus. We would only have to make it up in taxes, and besides, I repeat, no one who is able to work wants charity. Give the bonus to the soldiers who can't work, those who have lost an arm or leg or who are blind. And I hope some senator will see this letter and take it before Congress.

Britain —Cpl. T. R. SHIPP

Perpetual Pfc.

Dear YANK:
I think that I am the top-ranking pfc. in the Army today, and if anyone else can prove that he has been a pfc. longer than I have been, I will gladly relinquish my "crown." I made pfc. Dec. 1, 1941, just a week before the war started. I was on the Hawaiian Islands at the time. Now, two years and two months later, I am still a pfc. Any contenders?

AAB, Pueblo, Colo. —Pfc. MICHAEL A. SANDERS

Message Center

A. Pvt. ROBERT ALCORN, last heard from at Fort Eustis, Va.: write Pfc. Jay De Dapper, ASTU 3800, Texas A & M. College Station, Tex. . . . T-5 JOHN T. ALLEN, formerly at the Induction Sta., Fort Benning, Ga.: write Sgt. Arthur L. Burke, Hq. Det., CMP, Prisoner of War Camp, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Cpl. MACK ALTSCHULD, last heard from at APO 302: write Pfc. Julius Schulman, Co. G. 307th Inf., Camp Pickett, Va. . . . CARL AMENT and AL ARIETTA, once with Co. A., 3d Bn., 1st Regt., FARTC, Fort Bragg, N. C.: write Cpl. Eugene M. Anderson, Rcn. Co., 658th TD Bn., Camp Hood, Tex.

C. Lt. JOHN CASHMAN, once in 579th Tech. Sch. Sq., Miami Beach, Fla.: write Lt. Harry Kalmanowitz, Sta. Hosp., Esler Field, La. . . . S/Sgt. GEORGE CATULLO, last heard from in Iceland: write Pvt. C. H. Nonnenmacher, Co. D, 306th Med. Bn., Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. . . . T/Sgt. HAROLD COLEMAN, formerly in Trinidad, BWI: write Cpl. Ralph Swanson, Med. Det., Fitzsimons Gen. Hosp., Denver, Colo. . . . JACK COPPOLA, at Camp Upton, N. Y., a year ago: write Cpl. Guido Cerulli, Advanced Languages Sec., ASTP, 4770th SCU, Grinnell College, Iowa. . . . Lt. JOHN CORT of New York, N. Y.: write your old buddy from military school, Richard J. Donovan Jr., F2c, Co. C-1, Naval Diesel Sch., Urbana, Ill.

D. Pvt. SID DAVIS, once with 507th Engr. Co., LP, at Camp Swift, Tex.: write Sgt. I. Gertz, Prov. Gp. B, (Fountain), 88th Bomb Gp., APAAF, Avon Park, Fla. . . . TOMMY DAVIS and DOUGLAS DILLARD, once in 1st Prcht. Tng. Regt., Co. F, Cl. 44, Fort Benning, Ga.: write Pvt. Lamar (Ed) Foreman, Med. Det., Stark Gen. Hosp., Charleston, S. C. . . . Pvt. EARL DEHART of Pennsylvania: write Pfc. Archie S. Flohr, 20th Base Hq. & AB Sq., Mountain Home, Idaho. . . . JOHN W. DINGES, graduate of Scott Field, May 1941: write Lt. Kenneth R. Smith, Cl. 44-E, GAAF, Greenville, Miss.

E. JOHNNY EDGAR, once at a Texas flying school: write Pfc. William C. Fry, 624th TSS, AAAF, Amarillo, Tex. . . . S/Sgt. JAMES C. EDWARD:, once at Army Flying Sch., Lake Charles, La.: write T/Sgt. John G. Finley, 858th SEGTS, Matagorda Peninsula, Foster Field, Tex. . . . Cpl. ALEXANDER C. EGGLESTON, once with Air Force Sec., TER Pool, Fort Dix, N. J.: write Lt. Ernest R. Blanchard, 650th Bomb Sq., 411th Bomb Gp., Florence, S. C. . . . T-4 ALVIN EISENSTEIN, once at Camp Kilmer, N. J.: see *Message 1.**

MISCELLANEOUS. APO 520—Anyone knowing details of last flight of 2d Lt. Nathan H. Greenwood, co-pilot of a B-25 reported lost in action: write *Message Center*. . . . APO 12475-A—Anyone having information of S/Sgt. Leonard Rauch, once at Seymour Johnston Field, N. C.: write Sgt. Sidney Rauch, 24th Tr. C. Sq., 89th Tr. C Gp., Bergstrom Field, Tex. . . . Pvt. ANTHONY DI NITTO and SAMUEL DI NITTO, twins, want former buddies to write both of them, c/o Security Co., Camp Murphy, Fla. . . . FORT BRAGG, N. C.—Anyone formerly in 334th QM (Depot) Co. knowing whereabouts of Claude Hilliard: write Lt. Jesse F. Tucker, 655th TD Bn., Camp Hood, Tex. . . . HONDO FIELD, TEX.—Anyone who knew Pvt. Howard H. Thomson of Oakridge, Mo.: write Cpl. Hubert W. Yeager, Hq. Spec. Troops, 91st Inf. Div., Camp Adair, Oreg. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of HERMAN REINGOLD of Brooklyn, N. Y.: write *Message Center*. . . . SIOUX FALLS (S. D.) RADIO SCH.—GIs in Cl. 13-A-4 or 810 TSS, Bks. 1531, winter 1942: write Pfc. Roland C. Gardner Jr., SS 7, Cl. 43-51, LVAAF, Las Vegas, Nev.

**Message 1*: Write Cpl. Judson Ferentz, Co. A, 1552 SU, OSU, Columbus 10, Ohio.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

Pvt. Wilson F. Stuter, Hq. Co., 362d Inf., Camp Adair, Oreg.
Cpl. Harold Buskirk, 23d Spec. Serv. Co., APO 184, East Yards, Yuma, Ariz.
Lt. Elliott Wolheim, 100th Sig. Co., 100th Inf. Div., Fort Bragg, N. C.
Pfc. Steve Ritter, Hq. Det., SC 1751, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.
Sgt. H. F. von Seger, Co. B, 312th Engr. Bn., 87th Div., Fort Jackson, S. C.
Sgt. Nick L. Imbriglio, Hq. Tr., 15th Cav. (Mecz.), APO 187, Los Angeles, Calif.

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request; we haven't space for everyone's name here. Write to Shoulder Patch Exchange.

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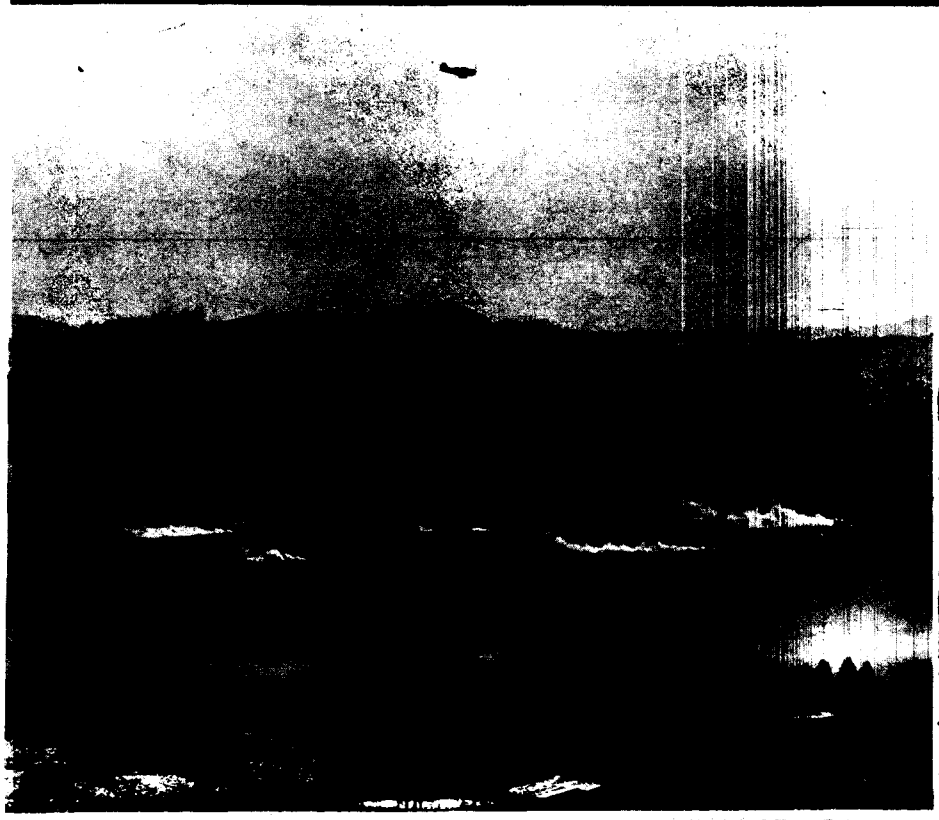
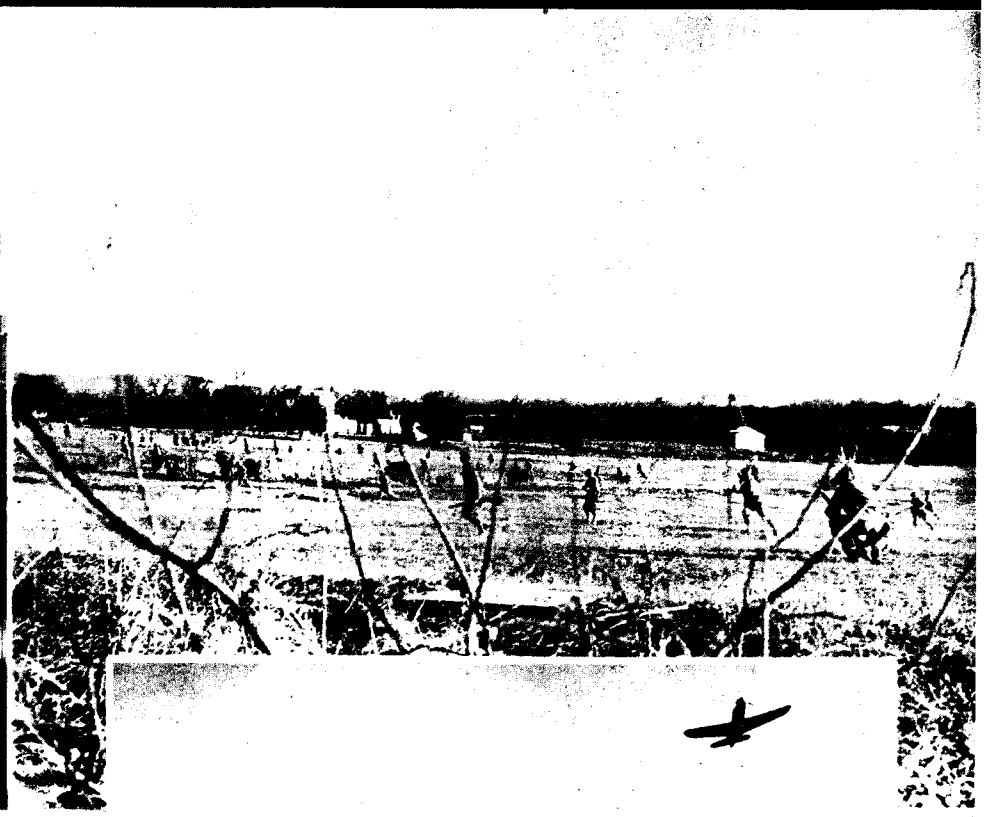
A [illegible] the valley below after a heavy attack [illegible] some accurate bombardiers.



Working out the problem took the usual amount of running, stopping and starting by the infantrymen. These GIs, of the Blue troops, disperse under strafing.



Learning From War

It's war all right, but simulated [illegible] nessee. These pictures w[illegible] Second Army Air-Ground [illegible] applying the latest tactics [illegible]

A Red plane swoops down to strafe troops on the road, giving gunners in a jeep a chance to show how quickly they can react.

If [illegible] had been the real thing, this M4 tank [illegible] driver might have suffered some damage. It was a near miss, but simulated, during a low-flying bombing attack.

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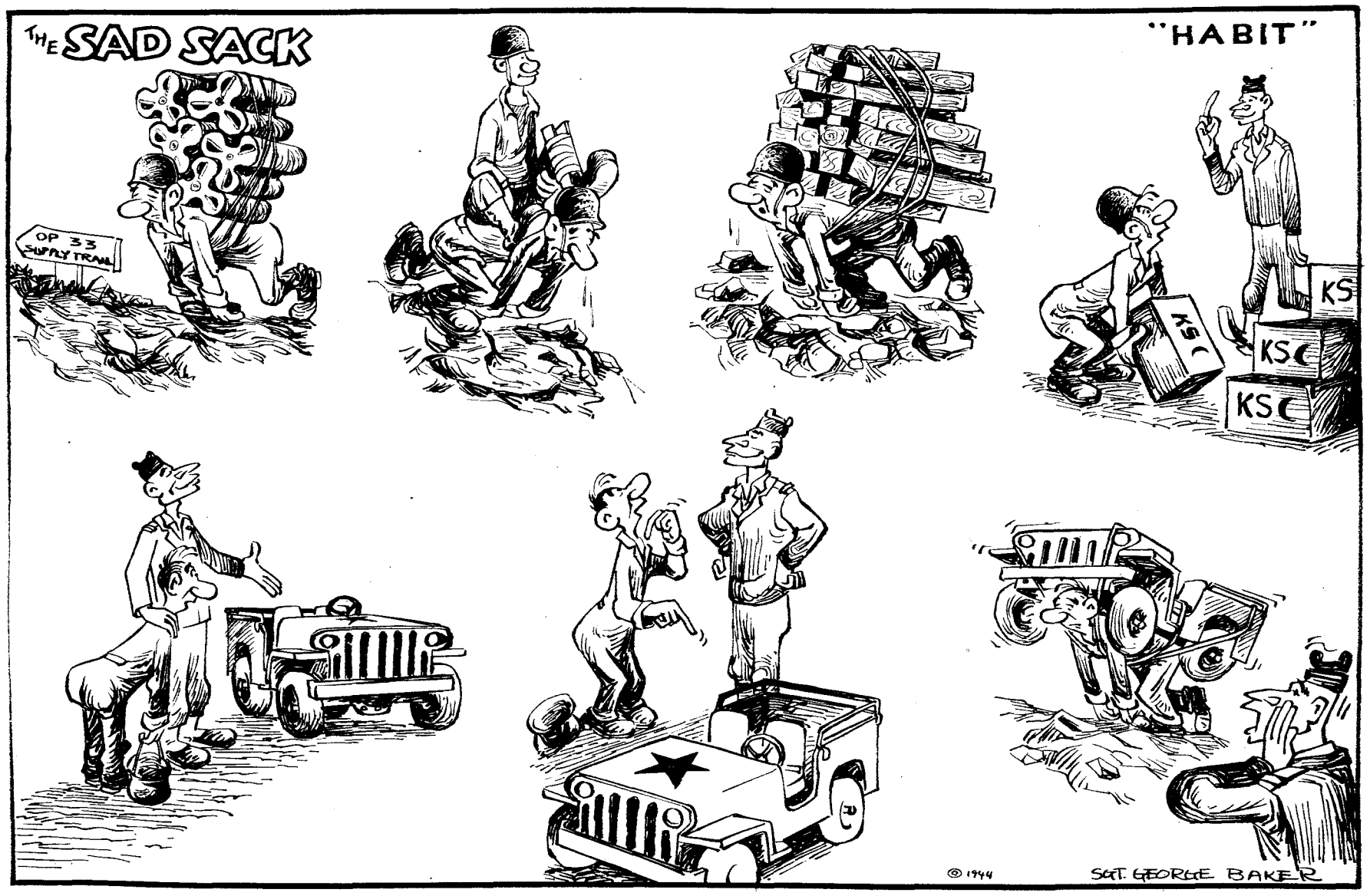

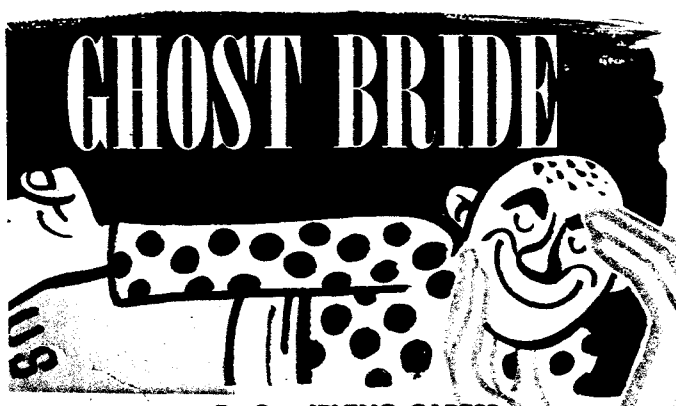

By Sgt. IRVING CARESS

Trinidad, British West Indies

I MET Mary at a USO dance. She was one of those slim, pale, lovely creatures, quiet and soft and a little out of this world. I used to meet her on Wednesdays at the USO, and on Saturdays we would go to a show, walk a while and then sit on her porch. I thought she was wonderful, and she felt the same about me.

We were just beginning to make our post-war plans when my outfit moved out on a three-day problem which stretched out into a two-week bivouac. Our mail never did catch up with us, and it seemed that I had been separated from Mary for a year.

The moment the outfit returned to camp I made a beeline for her house. Her mother opened the door. She was dressed in black, and she did not smile.

"Mary died last week," she said. "We buried her Friday."

I was unable to sleep at all for a few weeks. Eventually I became accustomed to the pain, and sleep came. Then one night I was awakened by the soft touch of a hand on my forehead. I opened my eyes, and there was Mary.

It's just a dream, I told myself. But it was no dream. I realized I was being haunted by the ghost of my dead love. She came to me each night, just after taps.

She would come through the door and float down the aisle between the rows of double-deckers to my bunk.

The first three nights she sat there quietly and looked at me. There she was, slim and graceful and full of that subdued softness I remembered so well. It was the Mary I had known and loved. But now she was translucent. I could see right through her.

She sat there for almost an hour and just looked at me. At midnight she leaned over, kissed my cheek and left, gliding gracefully down the aisle and out through the door.

The fourth night she seemed different. She sat there restlessly, looking at me the way she did the first time I kissed her. I knew that expression. She fidgeted a while, and then she leaned over boldly, deliberately, and planted a warm, passionate kiss on my lips.

I knew this was no dream. It was a ghost making love to me. For many nights I tried to escape these persistent, ghostly lips. They felt real enough, and my heart seemed to be hitting a couple of hundred a minute. The blood that rushed to my head was genuine and there was nothing ghostlike about my physical reaction to this strange wooing.

With time her passion grew more persistent, more determined. Each night the situation seemed less strange. The sight of her was still unusual, but the touch of her, the feel of her, was not. She didn't breathe, but there she was, form and substance.

In time I succumbed. She took complete possession of me in her nightly visits. I surrendered mind and body to the irresistible charm of my amorous specter.

Mary came to me every night. I accepted the situation; I even dreaded the possibility that it might end as abruptly as it had begun.

Days and nights rolled by and the situation assumed a regularity and a normalcy that I accepted. It was too good to last, and it didn't last. I became aware of something that amazed and frightened me. I tried to convince myself that it was an unbelieveable impossibility, but to no avail. Incredible as it may seem, my haunting sweetheart was in a family way.

Mary noticed my surprise and bewilderment. She smiled softly and nodded her head gently in affirmation. I was startled and worried, but there was nothing I could do. Having embarked on this strange relationship I was compelled to follow it through to whatever strange conclusion it might reach.

My ghost grew bigger and bigger. I began to contemplate the conditions under which a ghost gives birth. Where would it take place? Who would attend her? Would she suffer pain?

I never learned the answers to these perplexing questions. One night she failed to appear. I had become so accustomed to her nocturnal visits that I could not sleep. I missed her. I lay awake the whole night. The following night I waited anxiously, eagerly, but to no avail. After a while I began to sleep again.

ONE night I awoke just before taps. As the final note of the bugle melted into the stillness of the night, Mary came through the barracks door and down the aisle to my bunk. In her arms was an infant, a lusty but translucent child. The expression on Mary's face was positively madonna-like.

She sat on the edge of my bunk and proudly held the infant up for my inspection. I smiled at it, felt its soft body, caressed its tiny face and fondled the warm, translucent fingers. Mary cradled the child in her arms. She cast a maternal glance at the precious little thing, pressed it close to her bosom and smiled sweetly and gratefully at me.

At midnight, she set the ghost child down on the foot of my bunk and reached out her arms to me. I rose and embraced her.

It's still like that. Every night she comes to me, gliding down the dark aisle with our child folded to her translucent breast. It is good to hold her in my arms again. There is more tenderness and yet more affection and ardor in her embrace than ever before.

But every night there comes the time when she tears herself from my arms, gathers up the child, casts a last sweet glance at me and floats out of the barracks into the night.

I have thought for a long time about this and I have reached my decision. Tomorrow I shall go to the chaplain and ask him to marry Mary and me. If he will do it, then perhaps I can find a place for us in town.

These visits of hers by now are the dearest thing in my life, but it's a hell of a way to bring up a child.

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STRICTLY G.I.

Our Casualties

LATEST OWI reports put the number of U. S. armed forces casualties at 150,478, of which 112,-030 were in the Army and 38,448 in the Navy. The dead numbered 34,-179; wounded, 51,292; missing, 34,746; prisoners of war, 30,261. Of the prisoners 1,936 have died in prison camps, chiefly in Japanese-held territory.

The Army's casualty lists place the number of dead at 18,137; wounded, 42,639; missing, 25,339; prisoners of war, 25,915. In the Navy proper, the dead total 12,391; wounded, 3,234; missing, 8,556; prisoners, 2,397. Marine Corps: dead, 3,332; wounded, 5,341; missing, 807; prisoners, 1,948. Coast Guard: dead, 319; wounded, 78; missing, 44; prisoner, 1.

Army casualties include 12,500 Philippine Scouts, of whom 409 were killed, 747 wounded and the remainder presumed to be prisoners. Of the Army's wounded, 22,418 have been returned to duty or released from the hospitals.

AAF Colleges Released

The Army Air Forces released for civilian use 70 colleges and universities in its College Training Program and 14 civilian contract schools in its Pilot Training Program. Students now in training at these schools will finish their courses, but no new AAF students will be accepted. The move conforms with the AAF's announced plans to place less emphasis on training "vast numbers of new men" and more emphasis on training replacements and increasing the technical knowledge of men already in service.

Language Guides

The WD has issued new language guides in Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Greek, Japanese and German in addition to those already issued in Chinese, French, Italian and North African Arabic. Study of these guides, it was explained, will help GIs carry out only the simplest forms of conversation. If you want to say anything more involved than "Got a match?" or "What are you doing tonight?", apply for the full language courses given by the U.S. Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wis.

Our French Allies

French Army units, fighting with American equipment and uniforms but under their old standards and unit designations, are joining in the drive up the Italian Peninsula. About 70 percent of the French force are North African troops —Moroccans, Algerians and Tunisians — while the remainder are European French.

Names which adorn their American-built tanks and other vehicles are chosen by the French Army and not by the individual drivers and crews. All names are historic or geographic, with comic characters and slang phrases barred.

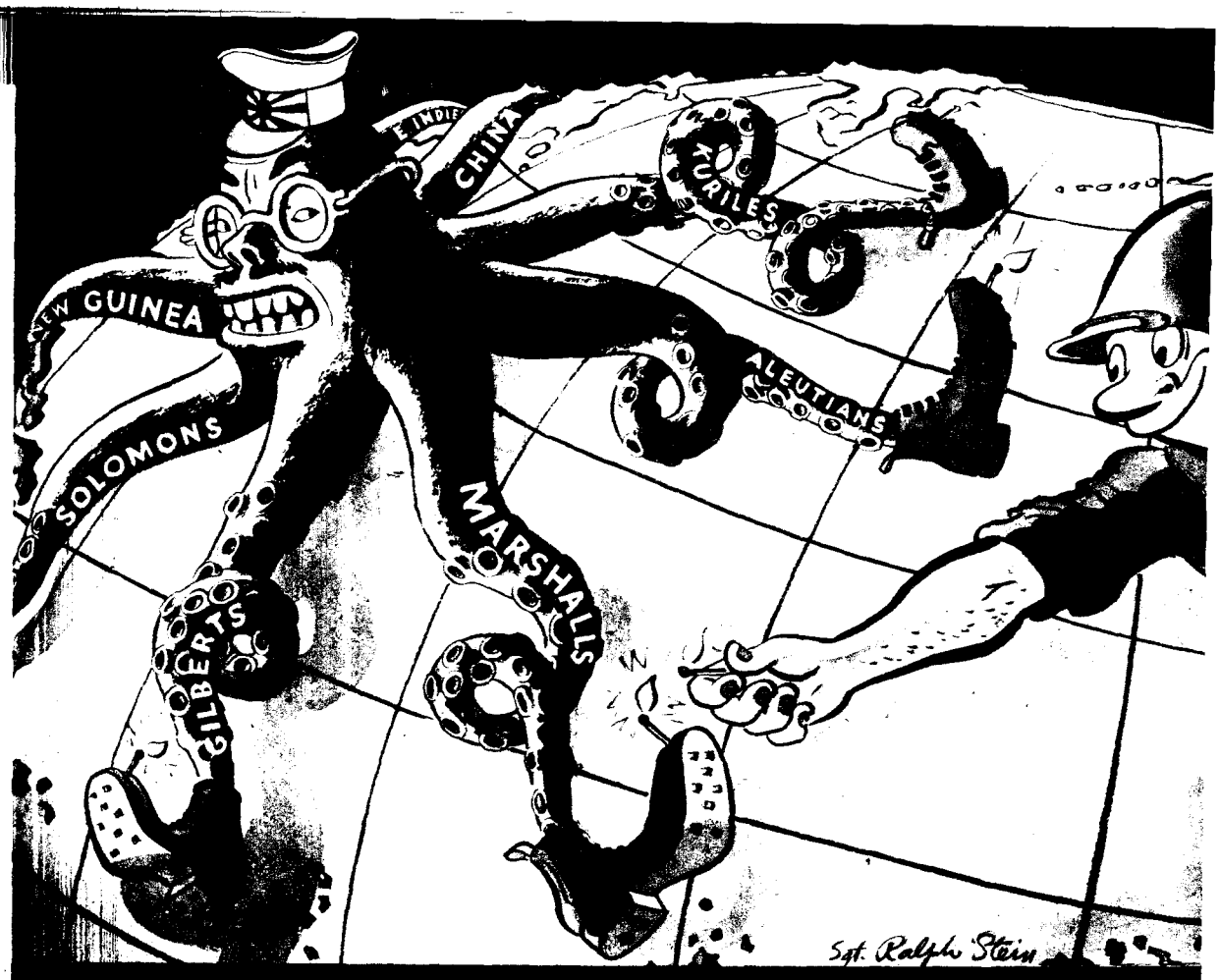
Overseas V-Discs

The Special Services Division has distributed more than 500,000 V-Discs—GI recordings of jazz and classical music—to overseas Army and Navy units since last September. The recordings are waterproof and almost unbreakable. If your outfit hasn't received any yet, get in touch with your Special Service officer.

The WD also bought recently 55,000 new phonographs for overseas distribution.

GI Shop Talk

The AAF is planting American grass seed in Italy to help control the volcanic dust that has been damaging airplane engines. . . . A technical aviation school has been established in Brazil with the aid of AAF personnel. . . . The first officers' training school in the Negro republic of Liberia in Africa has been established under Lt. Col. Howland H. Pell Jr. of Westport, Conn. This is in addition to the noncom and army-specialist schools previously opened with American help. . . . Wacs in North Africa were told by their company commander: "If you want to kiss your boy friends good night, it's okay; but bring them inside.". . . The QMC has purchased 30,000 tons of Mexican onions for the armed services. . . . The QMC has issued a new hand-type potato peeler, supposed to lighten the burden of KP duty and cut down waste, but according to a WD release, three words sum up the general reaction: "spuds is spuds." . . . . A QMC unit known as the New Hebrides Baking Company, arriving in the South Pacific without equipment, improvised ovens from oil drums for the baking of bread, which was supplied to ASF, AAF and Navy personnel on its own and nearby islands. . . . Bougainville boasts three daily mimeographed newspapers — the *Bougainville Bugle*, *Torokina Times* and *Piva Press*. The *Times* calls itself "the most widely read English-language paper on Bougainville." The *Press'* slogan: "If you don't see it here, it didn't happen."



Another Hot Foot

Washington O.P.

THE CBI theater will operate on the same troop-rotation basis as the Southwest and South Pacific. Some troops are expected to be returned to the States from the CBI this spring. Troops that have been returned on this basis won't be sent back overseas until they have performed duty in the U. S., except when military necessity requires it. . . . Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, commanding general of the Army forces in the South Pacific, told us at a press conference that men from his command were "now being rotated on a scale commensurate with the means available."

WD decorations are not intended to be awarded to dogs, pigeons, mules or horses. They are strictly for humans. Animals may be honored by citations published in unit general orders. . . . The American Defense Medal will not be manufactured until the war is won and then will be issued free. Until such time eligible GIs may purchase and wear the American Defense Service Ribbon.

Col. Oveta Culp Hobby, back from a 29,000-mile inspection trip of the 3,000 Wacs overseas, told reporters how Wacs are operating the entire telephonic field communications of the forward Fifth Army Headquarters in Italy. She said she thought the Wacs would follow invasion forces into other countries after the lines had been fairly well established. . . . Wacs are now required to wear their proper uniforms at all times except while engaging in sports or dining at home with not more than two other persons.

Lt. Col. C. W. Cramer, commandant of the Pentagon, denied the rumor that's been circulating overseas that GIs who return to the States can get 50 gallons of gas for free at the Pentagon simply by asking for it. Only special allowance of gas for servicemen is five gallons from the local ration board to any man who has more than a three-day pass, and no distinction is made between GIs from overseas or in the States. . . . The Guadalcanal drawings by Sgt. Howard Brodie and the photographs from the Solomons taken by Sgt. John Bushemi, both of YANK, are now on exhibit in the Library of Congress.

The Office of the Surgeon General estimates that between 80 and 90 percent of the wounded in this war get first aid within an hour of injury. . . . Illinois ranks first among the states in the number of servicemen's wives getting free maternity care. . . . Information on free maternity care for wives of servicemen now accompanies Office of Dependency checks. . . . The Retail Credit Institute is asking the Federal Reserve System to exempt discharged GIs from credit restrictions so they can buy household goods and other articles on smaller down payments and with longer credit than allowed other civilians.

Some cities get a reputation for being hospitable to servicemen, but with so many Army and Navy people in Washington this city may get the same reputation in reverse. Anyhow, one day we saw two sailors graciously handing out doughnuts to girls passing the swank Statler Hotel. . . . And GIs in Washington these days are sharing honors with the taxi drivers as curbstone oracles. Complete strangers ask the GIs' opinion about the soldier-voting measures that have had the capital in a turmoil.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.

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Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.

Ascension Island: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian, ATC.

Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.; Cpl. Richard Harrity, DEML.

Puerto Rico: Cpl. Bill Haworth, DEML; Pvt. Jud Cook, DEML; Sgt. Robert Zellers, Sig. Corps.

Trinidad: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff, DEML.

British Guiana: Cpl. Bernard Freeman, AAF.

Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.

Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

Greenland: Sgt. Robert Kelly, Sig. Corps.

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CAMP NEWS

CAMP ACROBATICS. At Sheppard Field, Tex., four GIs get into formation. Bottom is Pfc. Donald K. Smith, left is Pfc. James N. Thomas, right is Pfc. Harvey Walters and the top man is Pfc. Ben Reisewitz.

One-Piece Air Force

Daniel Field, Ga.—A bomber so maneuverable that it can operate without fighter escort has been developed in miniature by Cpl. Maxwell K. Hicks, airplane machinist of the ASCRD No. 1 here.

Hicks, a model-plane builder, has constructed a scale model of a "bomber that can dogfight" with the "attacking power of the A-20, the agility of the P-38, the bomb capacity of the B-17 and the size and toughness of the B-26." The ship has three engines, an inverted gull wing, a triple fuselage, dehydral tips, a twin stabilizer and a connecting elevator. It is designed with a 37-mm cannon in each propeller hub, two ball turrets and three swivel guns.

Skin Game

Camp Chaffee, Ark.—T-4 Dwayne B. Zimmer, chief clerk of Hq. Co., 1850th S. U., is a little worried about the paper shortage. If it gets worse, he fears that because of a peculiar skin allergy he may find himself the walking notebook for Sgt. Maj. Earl V. Brewer.

Words can be written on Zimmer's skin with any pointed object and the "writing," in the form of raised welts, remains clearly legible for as long as two hours. The allergy had its merits when he was in school, Zimmer said. He passed a lot of exams with the aid of notes written on his forearm.

Davis Cup Ping-Pong

Scott Field, Ill.—Reminiscent of the Davis Cup matches of several years ago was the nine-match table-tennis tourney played here recently.

An American team, headed by Pvt. Don Goldbeck, 1943 post table-tennis champ, nosed out a French team, made up of men of the Fighting French Army taking the radio course here and captained by Lt. Charles DeGramont. The final score was 5-4, with all but four of the matches going to three sets.

Oh, Brother!

Camp Tyson, Tenn.—Sgt. Ben Schnall, YANK photographer, visiting this camp, bedded down with men of the Hq. Btry. of the Barrage Balloon Tng. Ctr.

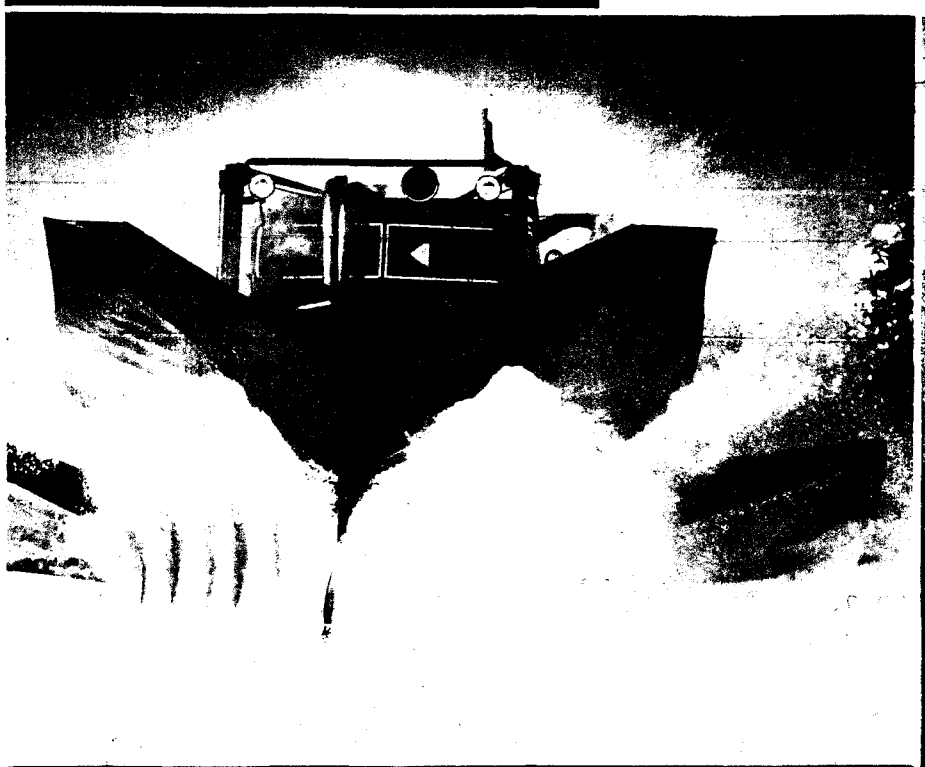
Come Saturday morning inspection, the window above Sgt. Schnall's bunk showed a dirty pane and the eagle eye of the CO, Capt. E. P. Latimer, spotted it. When the gig list was posted, Sgt. Schnall's name led all the rest.

DRUMMER GIRL. Pvt. Mary Louise Ellington, 22, niece of the Duke, is drum majorette of the drum and bugle corps, WAC Det. No. 2, Fort Riley, Kans.

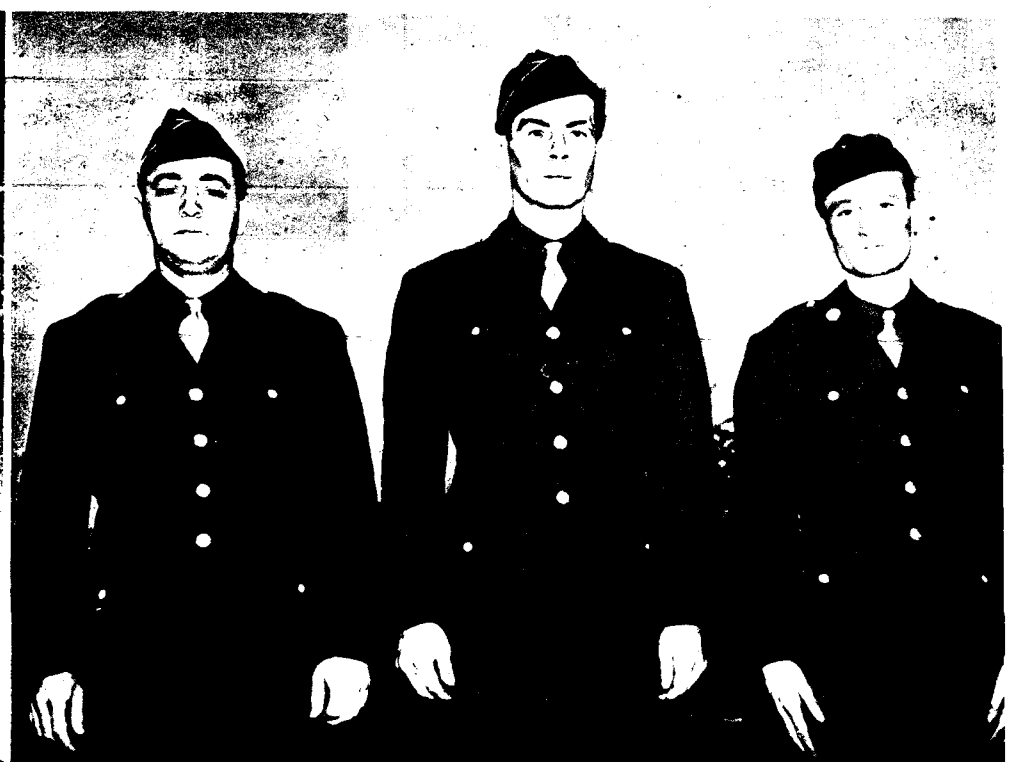
AROUND THE CAMPS

Patterson Field, Ohio—They say that M/Sgt. Paul E. Bulluck, former Canadian mountie, always gets his man. When a dogface who lives off the post called up to say that he was too sick to answer morning roll call, Sgt. Bulluck sent an ambulance for him.

Camp Haan, Calif.—The TS tribulations of GIs in A Btry., 516th Bn., are reportedly somewhat relieved by an idea of 1st Sgt. William Baty. Outside the orderly room, the sergeant has placed a bench, above which is a sign reading: "TS



SHIP ON SNOW. With a prow tossing up the snow in waves this plow is clearing the way for planes at the Army Air Base in Syracuse, N. Y. The photograph was made from the back of a truck moving along at about 40 miles an hour.



STRATEGY MAKING. Anyway they've got the names for it: Eisenhower, MacArthur and Patton. All are in 257th Engineer Combat Bn. at Camp Gordon, Ga. L. to r.: Pvts. Russel E. Eisenhower, Charles W. MacArthur and William E. Patton.

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CHESS MAGIC. Pvt. Arthur Drake (seated at right) gives some friends at Camp Roberts, Calif., an idea of what made him one of America's foremost chess players and a winner of international tournaments. He's in Co. C, 88th Inf. Trng. Bn.

DEAD EYE. Justine Sue Johnson was the first Wave to qualify as a pistol expert at San Diego (Calif.) Naval Training Station. Once national champion in archery she carried her accuracy over to score 90 percent in a Marine combat course.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

Camp Gruber, Okla.—Pvt. Rich of the 542d FA Bn. started out six times in the dark to find the wire truck. Each time he ended up at the chow truck.

Came time for chow, and Pvt. Rich went out looking for the chow truck. He found the wire truck.

WEEPING BENCH." Next to the bench is a slotted mail box for "COMPLAINTS AND SUGGESTIONS."

Camp Adair, Oreg.—1st Sgt. Jack Vinson put his men to work overtime looking for his car, which he claimed had been stolen from in front of the orderly room. The next morning he found it in front of the Service Club, where he had left it the previous afternoon.

Camp Irwin, Calif.—Directed from gun emplacement to gun emplacement on the West Range, Pvt. Gerald Van Arsdale of A Btry., 127th Bn., spent four hours looking for a "Muzzle Report" before he finally awoke to the fact that it was all a gag.

Halloran General Hospital, N. Y.—When the officer whom he'd just saluted hailed him from a cab, T/Sgt. J. DeMartino wondered if there had been something lacking in his salute or appearance. There wasn't. The lieutenant handed the sergeant a dollar and said: "You've given me my first salute since I got my commission."

Camp Fannin, Tex.—Pvt. Frederick W. Brooks of the 13th Regt., IRTC, gets five or six letters a day. Each is sealed with the imprint of rouged lips from his girl in Kissimee, Fla.

Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.—An eager beaver GI, working in the office of 1st Sgt. Harlan Thedinger, was changing a typewriter ribbon when some wag told him he'd better wash the ribbon before turning it in. He washed it and promptly handed it in to Bn. Hq. where another GI joker asked him if he wouldn't accept a left-handed monkey wrench in exchange.

AAFBTC #1, Miami Beach, Fla.—When Pvt. Frederick Marvin was featured pianist at a servicemen's recital, one of the highlights of his repertoire was "Burlesca," a composition written by another GI at this post, Pvt. Harold Mertis.

Moore Field, Tex.—While Pfc. John J. Pomazal, member of the band squadron, was home on furlough recently, a music teachers' agency called and offered him a job as director of the band at a high school only a few miles from this post. Pfc. Pomazal declined.

Camp Crowder, Mo.—T-4 Bruce Caudill wore his camouflage fatigues to the mess hall one day and was nearly thrown out. "Get the hell out of here," he was told by an indignant member of the mess-hall personnel. "You can't eat in this place in your pajamas."

Fort Story, Va.—Two murals by Pvt. Lawrence Berger, former Cooper Union (New York City) art student, were the subject of a story in a recent issue of the *Art News*. One of the murals is in the recreation room and depicts a semi-historical scene in Revolutionary days. The other is in the mess hall and shows a combat between naval vessels and planes. Commenting on the murals, *Art News* said they were "surprisingly mature, compositionally sound and dramatically effective."

Camp Rucker, Ala.—Pvt. Ed McTom called out to a friend of his, Jim Thompson, when his company was assembling one day in the battalion area. Three men answered: Pvt. Jim Thompson from Oklahoma, Cpl. Jim Thompson from Missouri and Sgt. Jim Thompson from Pennsylvania. All were from different barracks and none knew the other was in the same outfit.

Coffeyville Army Air Field, Kans.—On Jan. 13, 1943, a GI named Maxwell, en route from Fort Knox, Ky., to San Antonio, Tex., lost a barracks bag. He notified railroad officials, but the bag didn't show up until a year later. Maxwell now wonders how. The bag wasn't marked in any way, and none of his equipment inside carried his identification.

DO YOU HAVE ROUGH, RED HANDS?

DO YOU LONG FOR SOFT, WHITE SKIN

USE Gentle BLUX

Private I. duKapee says, "And then I loined to stop talkin' back to de Sarge. 'Course I could 'ave changed to gentle new, quick BLUX and make my red, rough hands lovely again. But dis is so much easier."

A STILL TONGUE IN FRONT OF THE 1ST SERGEANT LEAVES YOUR HANDS LOVELY AND FRESH . . . . . .

USE BLUX FOR BEST RESULTS!

—Wright Field (Ohio) Take-Off

SWITCH. In the last war Sigmund Sanders was a German lieutenant. Now he's an MP corporal at Fort Lewis, Wash., and refuses discharge although he's 46.

GROUND MEN. Doe Doe, mascot of 96th Base Hq. and AB Sq., Columbia, S. C., shown with Cpl. Paul Finnegan, doesn't fly, but neither does his outfit.

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COURAGE

Put the question to a man, or draw the line
And say that should he cross it he is brave—
and dead,
Or on this side drink a paler wine.
Give him time to think, and inside his head
A pendulum will swing from flame to fear
And back to flame. For every second he can
think,
For every moment reason reappear,
The bright quicksilver mind can writhe and
shrink
Away from madness, back from death—alive.
Then, within the clock a little cog will fall,
Find the pendulum at flame or fear, six or
five—
And there will chime the second of the call.
So small the difference then, so set the rule:
Time and chance can make a man a hero or
a fool.

Camp Shanks, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

UNRELATED QUATRAINS

War has always periodically appeared
In spite of being incessantly jeered;
Perhaps if mankind would take it to heart
War would manifest its gratitude and part.

■

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
I leisurely dispose of a pint or two of Scotch
And in no time am I feeling great again.

■

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me
And kill time in a manner
That's the rage January to December.

Puerto Rico —Pvt. LOUIS FISHER

LIGHTINGS IN THE SKY

Oh, Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful gal,
And Madeleine Carroll is, too.
But you'll find if you query a different theory
Amongst any bomber crew:
For the loveliest thing of which one could sing
(This side of the Heavenly Gates)
Is no blond or brunette of the Hollywood set
But an escort of P-38s.

Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats ran a dozen dead
heats
Describing the view from the hills,
Of the valleys in May when the winds gently
sway
An army of high daffodils.
Take the daffodils, Wordsworth, the wild flowers,
Shelley,
And you the myrtle, friend Keats.
Just give me a bunch of American Beauties—
An escort of P-38s.

North Africa —T/Sgt. R. H. BRYSON

THE PROBLEM OF THE SOLDIER'S INTELLECT

Here we are fighting a war,
And what thanks do we get
When the Post Exchange insists on selling
magazines that insult a soldier's intellect?
For Example:
"Got an *Argosy*, babe?"
"Not a one, soldier, but how about——?"
"No I don't want a *Ladies' Home Journal*
Or a *Woman's Home Companion* or *Vogue*.
I want a snappy story,
One that's plenty gory,
With blood and thunder, and romance and
gold.
I want a tale of Texas
That'll thrill my solar-plexus
With cattle rustlin' under the stars.
How about a gunman's gazette, chicken?"
"Goodness, no! Now, why don't you try——?"
"No, I don't want a *New Soldier's Handbook*
Or a *South Wall Street Financial News*.
I want a dirty villain
A-shootin' and a-killin'
And a-fillin' up his belly with booze.
Say, hidin' right behind that *Better Babies* is
A *Superman*, I'll wager."
"Right you are, but no can sell. That one's
Reserved for the major."

APO 9396 —Sgt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

The Snow of Stones

*Thus shouting onward these twain roused the
Achaian battle . . .
As on a winter's day the snowflakes thick and
fast
Whirl down, when Zeus the Counsellor in
storm begins
The revelation of these his arrows of the skies
To mortal men: in the silence of sleep the
winds
Are stilled, and the unceasing fall of snow
streams down
Until the high mountain peaks, the outermost
headlands
Are hidden over, and the rich farmlands of
men
With the clovered fields; only the lapping
wave shakes off
This mantle strewn upon the harbours and the
beaches
Along the wide gray sea—all else is shrouded
over
Lying beneath this heaviness of the storm of
Zeus;
So the stones hither and thither wing their
crowded flight
From Trojan and Achaian, hurling both, and
smitten,
Amid the tumult rising along the wall's whole
length.*

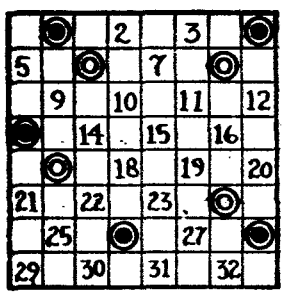
This translation from Homer's Iliad was made by Michael Balkwill. Both the Iliad and the Odyssey, the other great Greek epic, were said to have been written around 900 B. C.

TOMORROW

Tomorrow may be the most important day of all:
Tomorrow may be the day
To change a hundred thousand lives.
Tomorrow—
The word we all have said a hundred thousand
times!
It is a word of faith.
We cling to it.
Yes, we must believe in tomorrow.
In the tomorrow hid behind
Perhaps a dozen years.
And when it comes
It shall be glorious.

India —Sgt. CARLYLE A. OBERLE

CHECKER STRATEGY



THIS one is almost weird. White is one man down and in plenty of other trouble. Every one of his pieces is threatened. Yet the problem is: White to move and win.

All pieces are kings. Sure, we know. The position could never come up in actual play. But the strategy for making White win may come in useful some time in a game.

Before you check your analysis with the solution, number the playing squares of your board from 1 to 32 as shown.

TIME PUZZLE

A GUY who got two wrist watches for Christmas decided to wear both of them—one on each wrist.

He started both watches running at the same time. The gold watch gained one minute per actual hour, while the silver watch lost two minutes per actual hour.

Next morning when he looked at his watches, it was 7 o'clock by the gold watch and 6 o'clock by the silver one. What time had he started both watches running?

THE SMOOTH number sitting on the pin-up page this week is a bit of a mystery to us. We don't know 1) where she was born, 2) what school she went to, 3) her childhood ambition or 4) her opinion of the Vansittart Plan. All we know is that she's a slick chick named Betty Bryant and that she decorates the scenery in Samuel Goldwyn's "Up in Arms," the new RKO-Radio musical picture.

SUBMARINE VACANCIES. The Navy is anxious to assign to submarine duty all men who are qualified in submarines but are not now serving in that branch. Qualified men will not be assigned, however, if they indicate in writing a desire to serve elsewhere.

Unqualified men who want to serve should apply through their skippers. Besides physical qualifications, the service calls for a General Classification Test grade of 80 (or of 55 on the new GCT test used since last July), emotional maturity and stability, and at least an eighth-grade education. High-school graduates between 20 and 35 are preferred. Further information is available in *Circular Letter 2-44*.

MORE PENICILLIN. Increased production of penicillin has taken the new drug off the Navy's rationed list. It is now carried in stock at the Brooklyn Medical Supply Depot and should be available soon in depots at Oakland and Pearl Harbor. Since penicillin is good for only three months and there still isn't a lot of it, the Navy won't try to stock it at all supply depots.

DREDGINGS. A recent attack on a German sub by an escort carrier and her planes was recorded and rebroadcast over the Blue Network. . . . Six Marine dogs that took part in the attack on Bougainville were given citations and promoted from pfc. to corporal. . . . Shipwreck Kelly, the flagpole sitter who got his name in the last war when five ships were torpedoed from under him, is working at the Higgins shipyards in New Orleans. . . . Coast Guard Invaders who manned the landing barges in the attack on the Gilberts donated whole blood to a blood bank aboard their transport before invasion. Although 500 pints of plasma were used aboard the ship during the attack, many of the wounded survived only because of the Invaders' blood. . . . All Navy ships must be built so they can pass under the Brooklyn Bridge and through the Panama Canal.

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 17 to 21. Black jumps any one. . . . White moves 21 to 25. Black jumps another one. White moves 25 to 30. Black makes his final jump. . . . White jumps 30 to 23 to 16 to 7 to 14—and wins.

TIME PUZZLE. It was 10:40 A.M. The gold watch gained three minutes per hour over the silver watch. Since it was 60 minutes later by the gold watch than by the silver, the watches had run for 20 hours (60 divided by 3). But since the gold watch registers 61 minutes per actual hour, it must have registered a total of 20 times 61, or 1,220 minutes since it began running. Counting back 1,220 minutes, or 20 hours and 20 minutes, from 7 A.M., you reach 10:40 A.M. of the previous day.

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SUBMARINES

Battle Creek, Mich.—Fort Custer, Kellogg Field and Percy Jones Hospital soldiers have a new worriment when they are on pass in Battle Creek. It's "submarines"—officers who go to town seeking salutes from enlisted men and turn in the names of those who miss "doing them the honor." —*News Item.*

Soldier, soldier, hapless wight,
Touring Battle Creek at night;
What official cheerless eye
Inspects the wandering GI?

'Round what corner, dimly seen,
Lurks the deadly submarine—
Either first or second lieut
A-quiver for the hand salute.

Soldier, soldier, be alert,
Cast not thine eye at yon short skirt;
For if you risk a second look
Out whips officialdom's black book.

Your name, your rank, your ASN
Are neatly entered there and then,
And back to camp you sadly go
To keep a date with your CO.

L'Envoi

Some GIs manicure latrines,
Some officers are submarines.
I'd rather, though it does not matter,
Be the former than the latter

Fort Custer, Mich. —Pvt. FRANK POWERS

PURE AND SIMPLE

I like girls
Whose hair hangs loose
And free. This present craze
Of swirls of curls
And other obtuse
And varied ways
Of messing up the hair
Suggests extreme neurotic care.

Girls who drape
Themselves in classy
And crazy garments know
A shape, in crepe,
Can make my eyes go glassy;
But even though
They think themselves exotic,
They're more inclined to be psychotic.

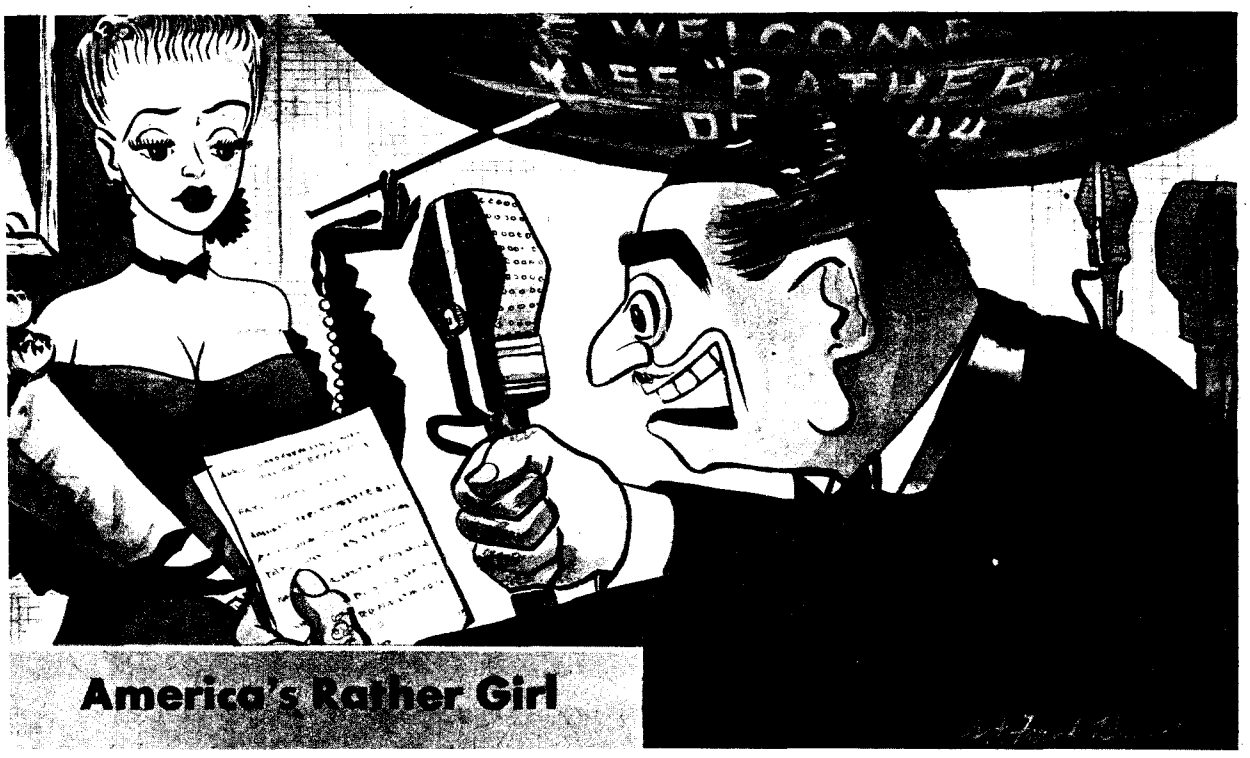
I like pure
And lush, petite
Tomatoes, and no doubt
Their lure seems sure;
And yet each time I meet
A girl without
An artificial backing,
It always seems that something's lacking.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. IRVING SUMMERS

QUERY

Infantry, Infantry, queen of the battle,
Why do you march like poor tired cattle?

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH



America's Rather Girl

ANNOUNCER: Good evening, friends out there. Our guest is a famous actress of stage and screen, Miss Fay Fester, now starring in Tantamount's epic romance of wartime, "Lovely Latrine." Miss Fester, you are with us tonight because you have won acclaim as the leading *Rather Girl* of the season.

MISS FESTER: That is very nice to hear.

ANNR: Yes, servicemen from Las Vegas to Latvia are gathering and rathering around your pin-up. Did your career as a *Rather Girl* begin when the Detachment Transportation Corps at Fort Slocum picked you as the *Girl They'd Rather Be Stuck Without Gas in a 1½-Ton Truck With?*

MISS F: In a way. The next night my maid Saccharina walked up to me and remarked that all the other movie stars were ahead of me.

ANNR: Is that how she put it?

MISS F: No, not exactly. You see, her boy friend is a sergeant, so she said to me, "Miss Fester, you'd better get on the ball."

ANNR: Clever!

MISS F: I thought so. Anyway, I bought a few bathing suits, swept my hair up and had some shots taken. Then I visited three Army camps, told some jokes and left the pictures. Then I hired Gus Wellbird, the famous press agent.

ANNR: And you were on your way.

MISS F: It was, if I may coin a phrase, like dripping off a log. At the end of the first week I had scored twice more.

ANNR: Indeed! Who were the lucky soldiers?

MISS F: The permanent KPs of Co. G of the 7th Infantry, Fort Crook, chose me the *Girl They'd Rather Tear Off a Piece of Brillo With,* and the men of Battery B of the 98th Coast Artillery Battalion in Camp Hitchcock decided I was the *Girl They'd Rather Get Snarled Up in a Camouflage Net With.*

ANNR: Certainly seems like a splendid start. What was your next success?

MISS F: Well, just about that time the 500 Military Police Escort Guard Company notified me that I was the *Girl They Would Rather Learn Come-alongs in Judo With,* and the 30th Medical Battalion honored me by making me their choice as the *Girl They Would Rather Give a Physical Examination To Determine Eligibility for Overseas Service To.*

ANNR: By this time, Miss Fester, you must have been well ahead of the field.

MISS F: Well, I was getting some competition from Mary Muscles of 21st Century-Wolf. Did you see her new picture, "Three Stripes and You're Out?" If ever I saw a stink—— Well, anyway, she had just been named by the 271st Fumigation Quartermaster Corps as the *Girl They Would Rather Spray a Pair of Long Winter Underwear With,* and then the 847th Signal Center flashed her as the *Girl They Would Rather Call Up in the Middle of the Night and Say Guess Who This Is, Babe, To.*

ANNR: She *was* coming along, wasn't she?

MISS F: Strictly foxhole stuff. But I soon left her far behind when Company H of the 2d Battalion Finance RTC voted unanimously for me as the *Girl They'd Rather Arrange a Class F Allotment For,* and those dear lads in the 15th Field Artillery at Camp Travis wanted me as the *Girl Against Whose Heart They Would Rather Lay Down a Fierce Barrage.* Wasn't that sweet?

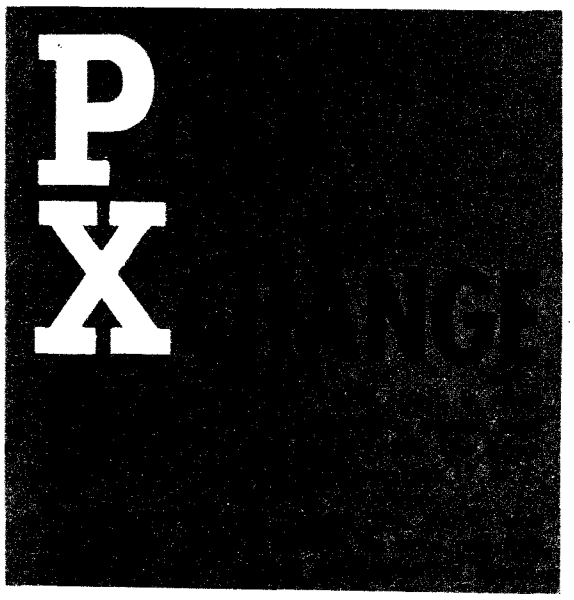
ANNR: It certainly was. Well, Miss Fester, I suppose you've given us about all the *rathers* you have won.

MISS F: Just about.

ANNR: Well, thank you, Miss Fester, and good luck.

MISS F: Thank you.

Fort Washington, Md. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON



Pvt. Kidder's Sacrifice

PVT. Sam Kidder had one of the biggest collections of pin-ups in the entire armed forces. The hutment he shared with three other fellows on this Pacific island was literally covered with gams, bedroom eyes and such. They were pinned on the walls, on the ceilings, on the doors, windows, foot lockers and mosquito nets.

Pvt. Kidder was serious about his pin-up collection. He took notes. He kept a diary in which he wrote in the name of the pin-up girl he took out that particular day, listed the things they did, the places they went and Kidder's success or lack of success. He had to confess to an occasional failure. Women were like that.

One afternoon Joe, one of Kidder's bunkmates, asked Kidder what his own girl looked like. "You must be ashamed of her," suggested Joe, "if you don't pin her up, too."

Kidder thought for a moment, then answered hesitatingly: "No, I ain't ashamed. I guess I just lost her picture. I can't exactly describe her face, but boy, did she have——"

Kidder outlined a figure in midair, describing the high points with cupped hands.

The conversation set Kidder to thinking seriously about his pin-up girls and their effect on his love for the girl back home. Sitting on the edge of his foot locker, admiring his collection of beauties, he began to worry for fear his own girl, when he saw her again, might look like a hag by comparison.

"This must never happen," said Kidder to himself. And to make certain that it wouldn't he proceeded to tear down every last one of the pin-ups. Down went Grable, Dinah Shore, Ann Corio and the Varga girls; down went hundreds of collections of assorted breasts, thighs and love-hungry lips.

And just to make sure that temptation would never seize him again, Kidder carried the pictures to the rear of his shack and set a match to the works.

As the last charred bits of Betty Grable's legs were wafted skyward, Kidder breathed deep with satisfaction. In one brave gesture he had canceled the work of two years. He was proud of himself. His girl would be proud of him, too. His girl.

Then a sudden thought struck him, a terrifying thought.

"What the hell have I done?" wailed Kidder. "My girl got married six months ago!"

Hawaii —Sgt. FRANKLIN P. HALL

—Cpl. J. J. Gallo, Camp Davis, N. C.

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SPORT

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

TAKE A QUOTE, PLEASE, AS THE GREAT MINDS IN SPORTS SPEAK

This is the brawl that followed the Al Davis-Fritzie Zivic fi when Davis was disqualified for repeatedly fouling Zivic. That's Zivic being restrained by his own econd as he attempts to get at Davis.

DID I ever tell you *what Frankie Frisch said about Dizzy Dean?*

"Diz was something more than a great pitcher. He was a fine all-around ball player. He would have made a first-class outfielder or a very good first-baseman. He was fast and could hit, and he was a good base runner. Of all the ball players I ever knew I think Dizzy loved to play the game more than any one else. Gabby Street told me when Diz first reported to him in Florida he was hard to handle. Gabby tried fining him, but that did no good. He finally discovered the best form of discipline was to keep Diz from the ball park and not let him practice. Dean thought this was the roughest punishment anyone could impose."

. . . or what Herb Pennock, the new business manager of the Phillies, said about Carl Hubbell?

"Hubbell was the greatest living stylist I ever looked at. I never saw another pitcher work with so little effort. He made pitching look easy. For style, Hub didn't have an equal. I considered it a privilege just to watch him."

. . . or what Fritzie Zivic, the former welterweight champion, said when he was accused of being a dirty fighter?

"I'll tell you how it started. It was the first fight with Bummy Davis in the Garden three years ago. I was scared of the guy because he was supposed to be a good belter and I never saw him fight. I was going to run away from him and box him for a coupla rounds. Then the bell rang, and he left his corner careless and tough like. 'Nuts, nobody in the world is that tough,' I said to myself; so I went in and hit him on the chin. Late in the round he looks over his shoulder at the clock. I've been waiting 10 years for a sucker to pull that, so I hit him another good one and down he goes. I don't hurt him much, but I can tell he's plenty sore. He fouls me 13 times in the second round and the referee throws him out. The next day he shows up at the commission meeting wearing dark glasses, the phony bum, and saying I thumbed him in the eye. The commission knows he's a liar and they disqualify him for life, but suddenly everybody remembers I bust guys pretty good around the eyes — it's my style — and they pick up Davis' lie that I thumbed him. I do a lot things I shouldn't do, like grabbing guys around the neck, but I never thumbed anybody in my life. I know a fighter fears blindness more than anything else."

. . . or what Satchel Paige, the famous Negro pitcher, said about the greatest hitters he has faced?

"The toughest white men I've pitched to are Charley Gehringer, Joe DiMaggio and Dick Bartell. That Bartell, he's a fighter. He can't bring around a bat as quick as DiMaggio, but he hugs the plate and you can't blow him away from it. Bartell wears you down."

. . . or what Branch Rickey, the Deacon of the Dodgers, said about Pepper Martin?

"Pepper was a hundred percent in everything he did. If he fell in love, he fell head over heels in love. If he wanted a new bird dog or a shotgun he bought it whether he could afford it or not. He went all out in everything, and that was why he was so great a ball player. Let's suppose he was told to slide into second base to break up a play. Pepper would come into the bag with spikes flying. Such was his intensity of purpose that he'd cut a leg right off the man in order to achi e his objective. Then he'd cry his eyes out what he'd done, stay in the hospital with his victim, worry about the man's future and be completely upset about the entire matter. But if the same situation were to arise the next day, Pepper would cut off his other leg."

. . . or what George Halas of the Chicago Bears said about Don Hutson, the Green Bay end?

"I just concede him two touchdowns a game, and hope our boys can score more."

. . . or what outfielder Roy Cullenbine, who played under Leo Durocher, Del Baker, Bucky Harris, Luke Sewell and Lou Boudreau, said about Joe McCarthy?

"I was a member of the Yankees for only two months in 1942 and saw more smart baseball played under McCarthy's managing than in the rest of my entire baseball career."

. . . or what Mussolini's interpreter said after Primo Carnera's manager had said that if Primo were permitted to go to the United States, he'd surely win the heavyweight championship of the world and thus bring honor to Italy?

"Il Duce asks if you're actually trying to make him believe that big tramp can fight."

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

NEW GUINEA KP. Take it from Pfc. Bitsy Grant, one of the top tennis stars in the late 30s, KP is KP anywhere you go. Grant is assigned to the Special Service Office at an advance Fifth Air Force Base.

Comdr. Gene Tunney, who just came back from a tour of the South Pacific, says that, at Noumea in New Caledonia, he found a sailor who can lick **Sgt. Joe Louis** and become the world's heavyweight champion. But Tunney can't remember the guy's name. He thinks it's something like Micher or Michen. If any of you fellows out there know who the commander is talking about, let us hear. . . . **Capt. Mason Chronister,** Maryland's great miler and the star of the 1940 Penn Relays, was captured on Bataan and later died of Japanese prison-camp brutality. . . . The West Point coaching staff insists that **Glenn Davis,** the 19-year-old plebe football sensation, will return next season after brushing up on the mathematics that tossed him for a loss. Davis is now at home in La Verne, Calif. . . . **Lt. Bobby Glass,** Tulane's Sugar Bowl halfback, narrowly escaped death at Hellzapoppin' Ridge on Bougainville when a piece of shrapnel gouged a chunk out of the tree just above his head. Another marine just five feet to one side of him was killed from the same burst. . . . Great Lakes and Norfolk Naval Stations and Mitchel Field, N. Y., top the national service basketball ratings in that order. . . . **Cpl. Fidel La Barba,** who once held the flyweight title, and **Jack Sharkey,** the Boston squire, refereed the finals of the Inter-Allied Boxing tournament at Algiers. . . . The Red Army soccer team, made up of soldiers who have seen action on the Eastern front, is going to England and may come to the U. S. . . . **Bob Pastor,** the former heavyweight contender, is now sweating out his first six weeks as a lower classman at the AAF Administrative OCS at Miami Beach.

Inducted: **Gene Desautels,** first-string Cleveland catcher, into the Navy; **Babe Barna,** Louisville Colonel outfielder and last season a regular with both the Giants and Red Sox, into the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Jim Benton,** Chicago Bear end, because of high blood pressure; **Buster Adams,** outfielder of the Philadelphia Phillies, because of a stomach ailment. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Beau Jack,** recognized in New York as lightweight champion, after being placed in 4-F previously for alleged illiteracy; **Bronko Nagurski** and **Bulldog Turner,** of the Chicago Bears; **Donald Meade,** veteran jockey who was suspended last year; **Roy Weatherly,** New York Yankee outfielder. . . . *Discharged:* **S/Sgt. Adam (Young Kid McCoy) Pianga,** top-ranking welterweight contender, from the Army with a CDD. . . . *Transferred:* **Chief Specialist Bobby Riggs,** ex-world's tennis champ, from Great Lakes to Honolulu; **Cpl. Helene Rains,** national senior breaststroke swimming champion, from AAF Photography School, Lowry Field, Colo., to Brooks Field, Tex. . . . *Commissioned:* **Bob Kennedy,** former Chicago White Sox third baseman, as a second lieutenant and Marine fighter pilot; **Moose Krause,** Notre Dame basketball coach, as an ensign in the Navy. . . . *Appointed:* **Dean Sensanbaugher,** Ohio State's freshman halfback ace, to West Point.

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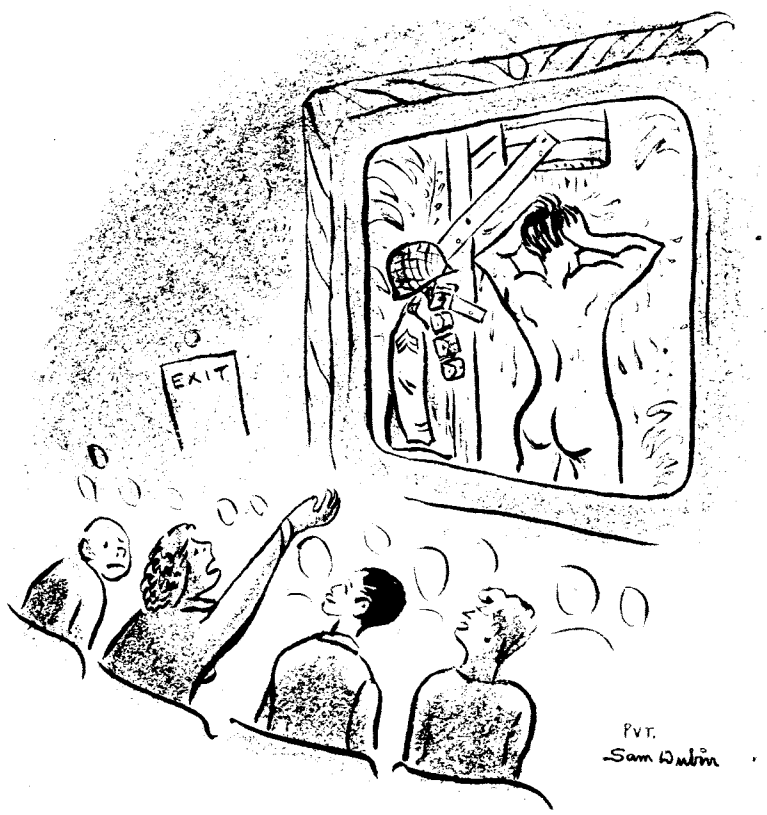
"ANYONE HERE CARE FOR A GAME OF CHECKERS?"
—Cpl. Bob Beusom



"MY HUSBAND! MY HUSBAND!"
—Pvt. Sam Dubin

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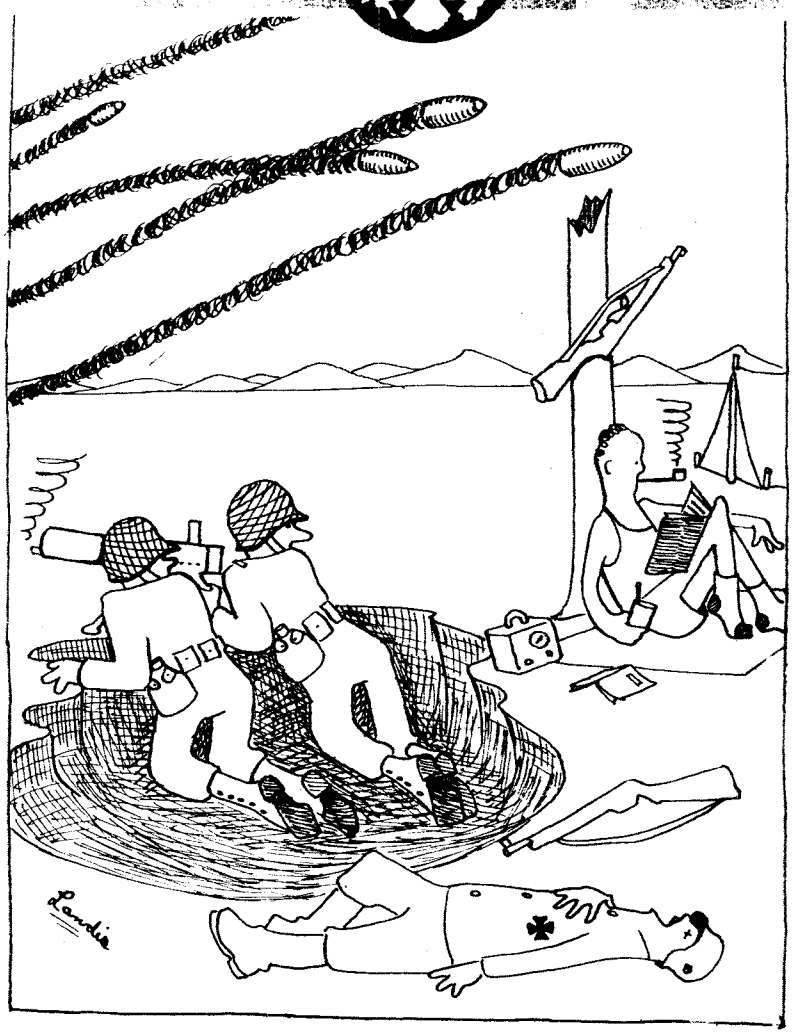

"IT'S SHEARER, SIR. HE'S ON A THREE-DAY PASS."
—Pvt. Larry Landis

"WHO'S THE NEW DRILL SERGEANT?"
—S/Sgt. Jack O'Brien

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